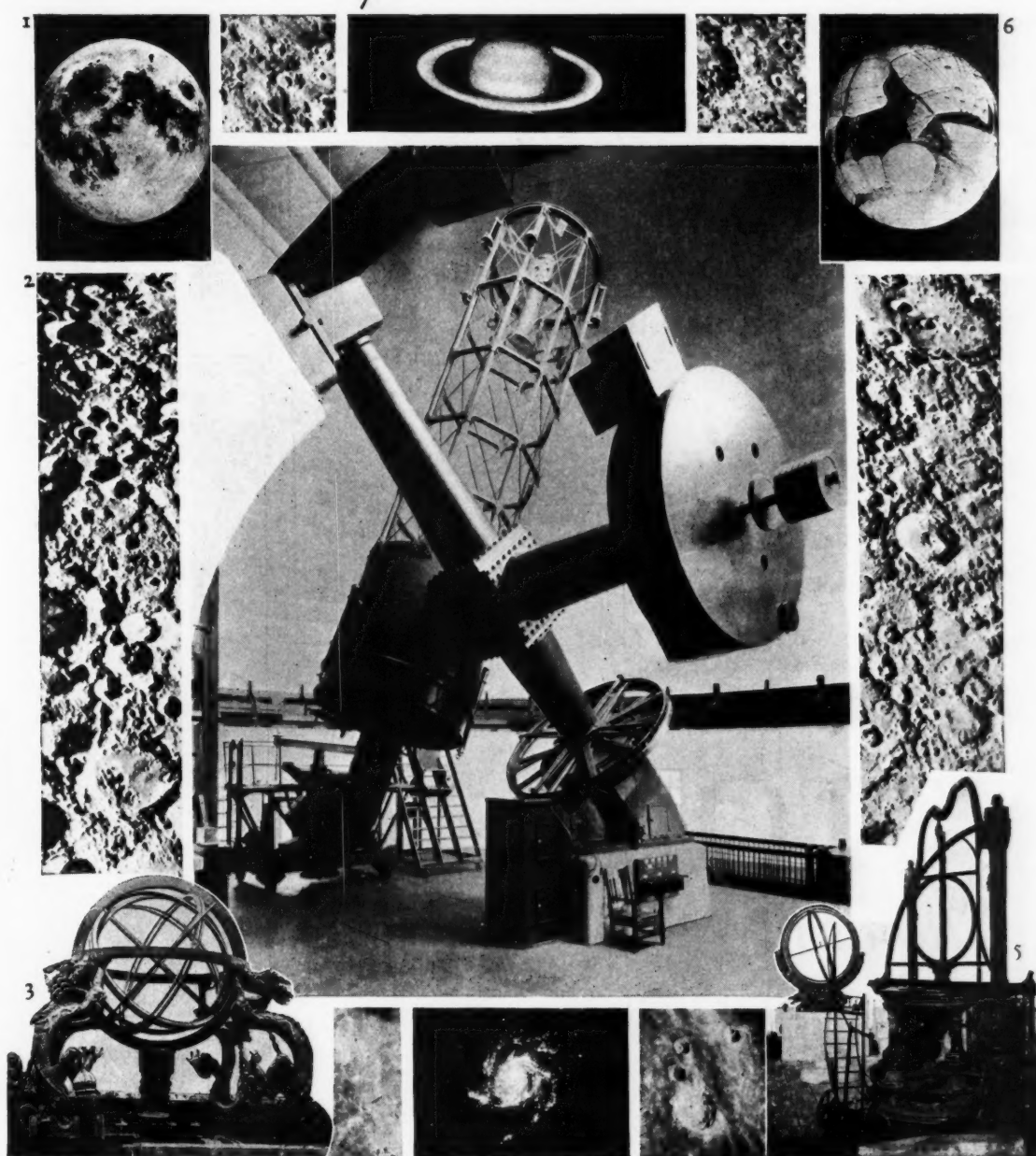


THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

HUNDREDTH YEAR

1926

JULY 15



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THE SPACIOUS FIRMAMENT ON HIGH—See page 510

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Winifred Kirkland, and David Loraine and Arthur Floyd Henderson
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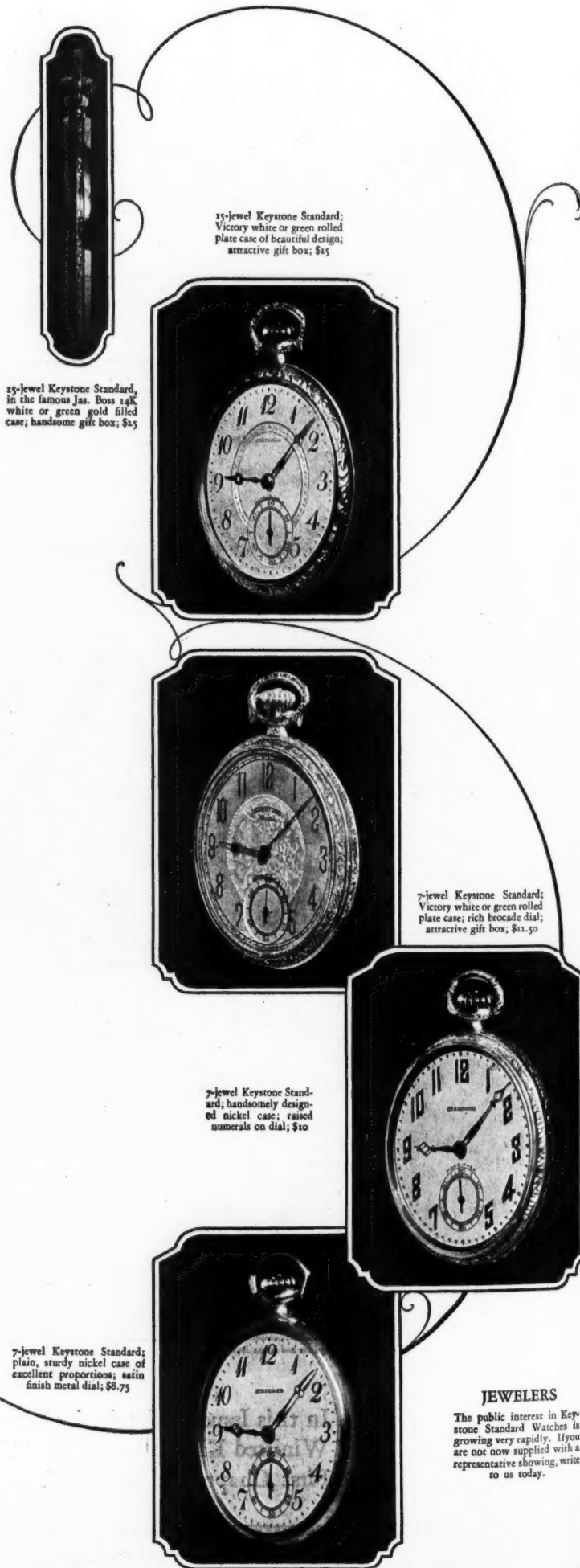
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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

VOLUME 100

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TO the day of his death a seaman craves promotion; it is the sole topic upon which he will be instantly voluble. Others less deserving have gone up; just because he can't and will not lick the skipper's boots—"But just wait until next trip—things'll be stirring—there's a pal in Customs has promised to hear a hand. You wait and see!"

Yet consider the case of the City of Shasta and her second assistant engineer. There was nothing unusual about this man Matthews—Dennis McB. Matthews. He was just the sort you would meet anywhere,—if you happened to be afloat or he happened to be ashore,—holding the berth of second assistant in the engine room on a freighter and always looking some day to get his papers raised. He was a small man, as seamen go, and chunky—with laughing blue eyes and a firm lip, with dust-colored hair that stuck up every which way, in defiance of the battered cap that tried to hold it down; the very sort that gets called "Matt" or "Dennis"—preferably "Old Matt"—before you have dropped the lightship on the way out. For the man was getting on in years. His step was firm, his hand and eye as steady as June rain; but if the truth were out Dennis Matthews was old enough to be your grandfather.

Nor was there anything extraordinary about the City of Shasta. She was a new twin-screw cargo carrier, one of a score of ten-thousand-tonners hurled together by Hog Island during the press of war. For a year after her launching she had carried men and horses to Bordeaux; and for another she had patiently brought them back. Then she had changed hands. Her private owners swept the pipe berths and stalls from her five holds. They didn't bother overmuch with drydocking or inspections; what they wanted chiefly was room for freight—for rates were high, and there was much to go. The ship had run for two years without serious trouble. "Let the good work continue," said they. So her new owners blessed the Shasta and put her on their Marseilles-Mediterranean run.

Her skipper was Mark Ransom, a giant of a man and an able navigator, but more superstitious than a maiden aunt with the misery. She had two mates,—Dunn and Otway,—both pink young-

sters with clear eyes and endless appetites. The chief down below was Pooch Rennan; and Pooch knew more about condensers and gauge pressure and boiler scale than the whole of the Bureau of Steam Engineering in all its gilded glory. Pooch had a first assistant, of course, but he was ashore on leave and does not figure here.

"Kinda tough on you, Matt," Pooch had said as the Shasta stood away from the shadow of Gibraltar, on her way from Toulon home. "Next time we'll have to get an extra man in to kinda fill in on some of the watches."

"Don't worrit yer head about me, chief," Matthews had replied. "I got a likely young oiler here who stands in at the throttles quite proper and regular. I'm a-goin' to bid up for some leave myself pretty soon. Got to go ashore an' get my papers raised."

The little man looked earnest. He had been on the point of going ashore for this laudable purpose every six months of the last twenty years.

On the next day Pooch broke his leg. A thousand times the chief's big feet had felt their way down the steel-runged ladder to the engine room. On this, the thousand-and-first time, one of them slipped and slid off into space—and Pooch crashed ten feet to the gratings below.

Naturally there was no doctor aboard.

The Skipper's Black Cat

By KENNETH PAYSON KEMPTON

Illustrated by PHILLIP B. PARSONS

But as usual there was somebody who had some knowledge of first-aid measures. On the Shasta it happened to be bald-headed, pug-nosed Tony, the cook. And so, under Tony's excited supervision, they lifted poor old Pooch up out of the engine room and laid him gently on his bunk. And Tony found some smooth boards and bits of marline and bound up the leg. And whether

Old Matt got his forty winks once daily.

But the furrows in the skipper's brow remained. A deckhand had come down with the gripe.

"I lay it to that black cat," he said. "There's only one time in the world when a man can see a black cat and stay the same, and that's on his wedding day. Every other time it means a spell of trouble. Look at us,

spacious sterile hospitals, fresh food and isolation are its antagonists.

On the day when the Shasta, according to Dunn's reckoning,—and he had shot the sun religiously every noon, the weather being fine,—left the fortieth meridian in her wake, every one of the vessel's twenty-five deckhands was either bunk-ridden or just able to totter about and serve his suffering mates. Every one but two, for the day before two odd-looking bundles of spare canvas had been lowered away from her after davits, while Dunn and Otway and Dennis Matthews stood with bared heads in the afternoon sunlight, and Tony—most versatile of deep-water men—read haltingly from a little black and tattered volume.

But the black gang, its chief excepted, was still intact. For this fact we must credit Dennis, who had, that evening when the skipper first reported the black cat's vindictiveness among them, personally conducted a quinine-dosing of every man in his force and moved stokers and water-tenders and oilers into makeshift quarters in the superstructure and arranged for their meals, in shifts, at the skipper's table. There was no helmsman for the wheel, no watch on deck, no lookout on her forepeak; but Dunn and Otway took their tricks at steering, and the Shasta ploughed

right along toward home through mercifully peaceful seas.

Pug-nosed Tony was in his element. No self-respecting microbe could have found housing in his fibrous bulk. The forecabin, racked with coughing and hectic with the fever, told itself, chuckling, that Tony had with fifteen years of his own cooking inoculated himself against every plague known to man. And the Shasta plodded along.

Dunn and Otway came down with the disease the very same day. The ship was two weeks west of Gibraltar and off the Banks, rounding south and west, three days from home. A child could have seen they had it; but each swore he was never better, until Tony and Matt ended the argument by picking them up and putting them into their bunks and locking the doors.

WHILE this merciful, though necessarily brusque, duty was being effected, the Shasta fell off her course, lost headway and slid into the trough, where she rolled incessantly. The black gang wondered what was up now. But Tony and Dennis Matthews climbed to her bridge. The engine room telegraphs jingled for "full ahead," and the little engineer spun her wheel until the freighter's nose edged round and headed west again.

Those two were silent for a time. "Well, here we be," conceded the cook. "You said it, boy."

"Can we make out—cap'n? D'ye know the course? Can ye keep her on it? Will the—"

"Hold hard there!" Matthews's little barrel of a chest was up and out. "Sure we can make out—sure as shavin'. You mind yer horspittle, old-timer. Feed 'em slops, an' keep 'em on their backs, an' sling the quinine broadcast. Me, I like the air up here along. 'Twill be nigh as good as a leave for me. Sure, I know the course. Dunn an' me was foolin' round the chart room only last night. 'Tis west by south half south, he says, an' we should be pickin' up the lightship in a matter of seventy-two hours."

"Mind we can't do no radio—now poor old Sparks is gone."

(One of those two canvas-covered bundles had held the Shasta's radio operator, Sandy Phelan.)

"Don't want to do no radio. If I gets tired of this here pilotin' business, I'll speak whomsoever's passin' an' borrow a helmsman."

"You feel like you was goin' to have it, cap'n?" asked Tony.



"What black cat?" asked Otway. "Why, that one I pointed out to you on the quay before we left Toulon," said the skipper

it was the sea air, so "strongly recommended by physicians," or Tony's skill or Pooch Rennan's cast-iron constitution that did the trick, that leg got well. But this was long after.

"I feel someways adrift without Rennan below," Mark Ransom said to the youngsters and Matthews at supper. "If it was you now, Matt, I wouldn't mind so much." The mates smiled broadly, but the faces of Matt and his superior were grave. "You think you can make out?"

"Sure," said the little man stoutly, seemingly more concerned with the mountain of steaming beans before him than with any worries attendant on his calling. "It'll be good trainin' for me. I got a young oiler down there who knows a lot. I'll likely get my papers raised after this. Sure we'll make out. Don't fret yourself, cap'n."

MATTHEWS clinched the matter in the next few days. All went smoothly below decks of the Shasta. Periodically he held council with the sick room, taking thereto minute reports concerning the leaky joint leading from No. 3 auxiliary and a certain mysterious knocking that had manifested itself in No. 2. And the likely young oiler, whose name was Cramp, discovered a bosom pal, also likely, by the name of Bates; so the two of them saw to it that

now. Chief busticates his leg before we're hardly clar of Gibraltar. Two days later—the flu."

"What black cat?" asked Otway. "Why, that one I pointed out to you on the quay, before we left Toulon. Weren't you the one I showed him to? Or was it Pooch? Never mind who. There was that black cat,—walkin' tippy-toe (which means extry bad),—and there was me seein' him do it. And now look at us!"

Dunn remarked that shore leave in a town crippled with disease might have had something to do with it, as far as the influenza went. But the skipper paid no heed.

"It was Pooch!" he cried suddenly. "I mind how he laughed at me for sayin' it." The skipper's voice sank to a whisper. "And I was with him! It was me seen the critter first!" Both fists hit the table edge. He stared at them. "By the thunderin' jumbo—that means—I'm next!"

He was. Two days later Ransom got into his bunk, talking vivaciously to Tony of the Shasta's fine cargo of black cats. And Dunn took over the ship.

You have no idea what a little mite like the pneumococcus will do in the damp, congested, usually dirty and always cold region of a freighter's forecabin. You have perhaps seen its minor achievements ashore, where alert doctors, quick and gentle nurses,

"Who, me? Gwan! You ain't feelin' shivery yourself, boy?"

The cook beat his broad chest. His laugh went mocking the lonely decks of the Shasta.

"Who, me? Think it over, think it over!" Tony turned to go. At the ladder he paused, one foot in midair; and the sun glinted on his bald head.

"Takes the old birds t'keep their boots on an' bring her home, eh, cap'n?"

"Ah-h-h-h, boy! You spoke again!"

The weather was not quite doing its duty by the Shasta and her crew. All the way over it had been fine, with light southerly airs and a clean-swept sky. There was a haze now; and the light airs had backed round through the east, till the black smoke from the freighter's stubby funnel blew out in billowing whorls, straight over her bow. By the time Tony came up with Matt's supper on a tray the sky was frankly overcast. And the wind moaned sullenly over the Shasta's high taffrail, kicking up a little wash.

"Goin' to blow a mite, ain't it?" said the cook.

"Get us home the faster," grunted Matt. For the last hour or two he had been working hard at the wheel. The following wind and sea made her yaw, and her heavy steam gear demanded constant turning—up three spokes, down three spokes, up again—if the Shasta was to make the lightship day after tomorrow.

Tony held the tray beside him while Matthews, one hand always working his wheel, drained a bowl of soup and attacked the big plate of buttered biscuit and boiled potatoes and corned beef.

"If she blows hard, Tony," mumbled Dennis, his mouth full, "ye may have to feed me."

They roared at this.

So Tony went down, his tray clean, saying he would be back again at midnight, with coffee and something. And Dennis switched on his night lights and the little bulb in the binnacle and smacked his lips over the taste of hot supper.

Never once did it enter the little man's head to find a helmsman in the engine or fire room. If the thought had occurred to him, Old Matt would have scouted the notion. The fact of the matter was, simply, that he was in command of this here ship—by law. A master's place is on his bridge: everybody with a flea's brain knows that. The black gang had their duties below, and short-handed at that. Besides, there were those papers to be raised soon.

At midnight it was blowing harder. Tony came up on the tick of the eighth stroke, grinning but a trifle drowsy. As Matt drank his coffee and munched the great wedge of apple pie, the cook leaned over and peered at the little compass card shivering within the glistening white dome of the binnacle.

"West b'south half south," he mused.

"Matt, where'd you ever learn t'steer?"

"Danged if I know," returned the engineer. "Likely it just come natural. My old man was with Queen's for thirty year—master nigh ten. He was sore at me bein' with the black gang."

It was good to have some one to talk to. His back ached with the unaccustomed grind, and his legs began to feel unconscionably heavy. But the only thing that Matt really minded was the loneliness. Always somebody round, down below, and bright lights shining on brass and steel and white paint, and the old shafts banging, and the pistons in their jackets; they talked to you all night long. Up here it was dark and silent—like the grave. Only the wind droned evilly in a man's ear. And it was three spokes up, two spokes down, and hold her—as the Shasta sloughed and yawed her way towards home.

"How's the horspittle?" he asked.

"Doin' pretty good, all things considered. Mr. Dunn an' Mr. Otway, they're both sick men. But the skipper's begun to eat a mite. And the foc'sle's on the mend, all but Danny Kivers, and he's bad."

"How's Pooch?"

"Who, him? He ain't sick! He'd be up here if I'd leave him. Sets up in 'is bunk an' cleans every dish my achin' back comes in with, an' reads aloud to himself outen some book or other. I'll say this, cap'n, when we hit the dock why don't I take out papers for a doc—eh?"

"You rate 'em, boy," said Matthews gravely. "I got to be thinkin' about gettin' my own papers fixed."

Their heads wagged over mighty plans while the wind whistled and shrieked by overhead and a spatter of rain was in the air.

By dawn the Shasta was laboring. Those following seas were grown to crested mountains; and they slid beneath her poop and shouldered it aloft. Matthews struggled grimly with his wheel; for with every giant shove the strain of tons and tons of water on her rudder jerked it this way or that, swung the ship's head off, tried to wrench the helm from his tiring grasp. But he ate an enormous breakfast for all that, fed to him by Tony while the two of them staggered on the heaving bridge. And the compass card read west by south and a half south.

At noon a tanker passed them, going east, digging her snake's length into the long gray seas, the white spray swirling to her bridge. She was near enough to hail, and Tony snatched the megaphone from its rack before Matt could stop him and bel-lowed across the grim wastes, asking for extra hands. But the man on her bridge looked puzzled, shook his head. The Shasta went on alone.

There was a little crooked smile on her helmsman's lips. His arms burned with a smouldering sting; each leg, braced and clinging to the rubber mat abaft his wheel, felt like a wooden barrel crammed with stiffening cement. But the cook had brought word that the "horspittle" was mending: even Danny Kivers, despaired of yesterday, was looking up. That was a good thing, thought Dennis. The skipper would write up a testimonial. He would take it up to Customs and see about those papers.

It was after he had eaten his supper that the change came. Night had shut in very dark. The wind had spent a little, and the rain ceased. But every time a comber overtook the freighter, on the bridge Matt could feel the length of her a-tremble from the pounding at her stern. He had quite lost track of time past: only remembered, and kept his brain feverishly on the thought, that by morning, God willing, he should see Minot's—or the steady yellow star of the lightship.

This was after supper. The night was so black that ship and sea and sky were one ghostly, empty void, through which the dying northeaster groaned balefully, and the rush and splash of waters sounded weirdly close and menacing, and the old Shasta grunted and shook herself and hobbled wearily along. And in the center of that dark chasm, pricked out by the tiny glow of the binnacle, stood Dennis Matthews, second assistant engineer and just an ordinary deep-water man, staring grimly, wanly, at the little shivering compass card before him.

West by south—and one half south. The needle swung to the northward as the ship's head veered off, yawing a-slither before a following sea. Matt gave her three spokes—waited for her to come up. He gave her three more—and still three more.

Hideous dread of some nameless thing pumping at his throat, he put his wheel hard over—spinning it wildly till the revolving butts overtook and struck his hands, pinning it down at last, hard over.

And the Shasta, instead of coming up, fell sickly away and away and settled down in the trough of those gigantic, unseen mountains. The card read nor'nor'west. And an invisible graybeard came piling upon her low broadside, and shook its wet whiskers on her rail, and bent her down.

Matt found Mark Ransom sitting up in his bunk, reading.

"What's wrong?" said the skipper, his brows coming together as he caught the engineer's look.

"She won't mind her helm." Matt's voice cracked. One heavy arm was wiping the sweat from his forehead.

"Tiller chains?"

"Is all right."

"Perhaps your steam has dropped on the gear."

Matt's blue eyes flashed. "Perhaps not!" The skipper's room tilted up on one edge; a chair went sliding across to fetch up on the bulkhead. From without came a muffled booming roar.

Ransom's face screwed up with fore-

boding. "The gear itself—is she all right?"

"Yes."

The skipper's magazine went sailing across the little room. He flung up his arms, flailed the blankets by his knees. "It's that ole black cat!" Mark Ransom wailed. "Your rudder's gone—"

The door banged upon his impotence. For five precious minutes, while the Shasta



For the last hour or two Matt had been working hard at the wheel. Wind and sea made the big ship yaw and groan

gave, Matthews was closeted with his chief. Then he climbed again to the bridge; and in the little radiance of his binnacle the old man's eyes shone with a wild, fierce pride.

There was a faint jingling in the roaring gloom. Matt had shot his starboard telegraph to "half ahead." His port read "slow astern."

"That you, Cramp?" he shouted into the engine-room tube. "Now listen! We be up against it. Mind what I say, or it's the bottom for all hands. Put Bates on

your port throttle. Stand you by ont' starboard. Get double watches oilin' bearin's and in the fire room. Every man turn out and stay out till we're home. Never mind what I do; keep her runnin' and cool—What? We've lost her blasted rudder. It'll be a long trick, boy, I'm a-goin' t'steer her home on her kickers."

The needle read due west. Matt's port indicator jingled "stop," then "slow ahead," then "half ahead." Again the Shasta headed home.

DENNIS MATTHEWS was an ordinary man. It took him half an hour to get the trick of it—to catch her sagging, first up, then down, and meet her just in time. It was wearing work, the hardest sort of strain. The card swayed and spun like a demon possessed; the bows of the freighter went sliding off, and came up too far, tumbling drunkenly. For that first half hour her course westward would have cracked a cobra's back.

But after a bit Dennis caught on. His hands on the telegraph handles began to move automatically. Instinctively he began to throw his engines on and off—"half," "full," "slow astern," "stop," "stand by," "half" again—and smiled grimly to find the card varying by only a point or two either way of west by south, half south.

The Patience of His Enemies

By DONALD HOUGH

Illustrated by
WILLIAM CAFFEY



Raising his glasses, Jim looked steadily at the sheet of water. A canoe with three men came in sight

FOR three months James Whitfield, forest ranger, had been stationed at his cabin situated at the point where the lower Kawishiwi River leaves Kawishiwi Lake—two days trip by canoe from headquarters. He loved the woods and the animals that lived in them—all except the beaver.

On the top of the highest hill, a mile back in the woods, stood a lookout tower in which he spent the greater part of every day, scanning the horizon with his field glasses in

In the glare of the crashing engine room Cramp and Bates told each other their man was mad. But Pooch Rennan, crouched over a dory compass in his bunk, chuckled commendation.

The night wore on. Periodically, when he could snatch a moment from his telegraphs, Matt spoke into the tube below, cautioning the oilers, asking for readings, testing, gauging, making sure that all was well. Periodically Tony appeared with coffee, boiling hot—or doughnuts that a man could eat with one hand while his other was free to swing the handles. And sometimes the little man just stood there alone, hard at his strange task every minute, taking his punishment, talking to himself.

The night wore on, in sickening rhythm. Tony came with coffee, but Matthews shook his head.

By daylight Matt was babbling little things. His arms shot out and swung the two brass handles, his eyes held steadily to the card; but the man's lips moved, smiling over senseless words.

The gray dawn came up behind the Shasta's poop, and smiled bleakly at her crooked wake. But Tony, mounting the ladder with his silly, slopping load, stopped—stared insanely into the vague twilight off her bows—and shouted.

Then Matt looked up. Away off there over her nose lay a little pinpoint of yellow gold. The Shasta's siren snored huskily for her pilot. She was home!

Pooch laughed outright. "Go ashore?" he repeated. "What for, Matt? Ye can't get a higher steam license on the strength of a three-day watch on the bridge."

So the blow fell. And Matt's blue eyes stared dully at his chief. No papers?

"But I'll tell ye one thing, boy. I'd rather have you in my engine room than any livin' soul."

Rennan's hand fell on the little man's drooping shoulder. The blue eyes looked up, something of their old boyish sparkle shining there. "If that's the way of it, chief," said Matthews soberly, "I ain't carin' much about raised papers myself. No." And he went slowly into his own room, to turn in.

For a time he lay on his back, staring at the chipped-off place in the paint overhead. Suddenly his pinched lips moved:

"Dennis, you're a blasted cool! Ravin' along about your dod-rot papers when there was good men's lives to save. Lucky for you ye didn't go t' the bottom with them ornery thoughts wrinkl'n' your soul. You ain't cut out for any but second assistant anyways—ye lunthead?"

Then swiftly the old man's face cleared. "Ah-h-h-h, boy!" he murmured, drowsing. "It's good—it's sure good, t'have nothin' t'do."

search of fires. From the cabin to the tower a trail threaded through the forest, and over it the ranger must walk twice a day. About a half mile from the cabin beaver had dammed a creek that the trail crossed, forming a lake several hundred yards in diameter and an extensive swamp of that part of the forest. Because of the formation of the land the

trail could not pass below the dam; it must pass above it in some manner. A bridge had been built over the main pond, but on either side of the bridge the trail was little more than a waterlogged bog. Whitfield had waged war on the beaver all summer. He had cut the dam open, only to have them repair it the next morning. He had blown part of it up with dynamite, and in a week it was rebuilt. He had tried draining the land, but had failed. The beaver had repaired the damage in every instance.

As the dusk thickened, the ranger stretched and prepared to go inside the cabin for the night. As he was approaching the door, the telephone, connected with headquarters by a single wire strung between trees for twenty miles, rang his number. He hurried in and answered it. The forest supervisor was calling him.

"Watch the McDonald white pine closely for a while, Whitfield," he said. "Mac was here this morning and told me a weird tale that some of the wobbles who worked for him up on the Isabella drive last winter are going to burn his Kawishiwi timber. He says they've been listening to some new imported speakers."

"The McDonald white pine," the ranger said aloud as he left the telephone. He went out into the dusk and walked down to the shore. Looking up the lake, he could see the great stand of timber that flanked the cabin and followed the shore in a long graceful curve. It loomed big and black against the sky. There was but one break in its solid ranks. This came near its farther edge, where a low place marked the bed of a creek that entered the lake—or had entered it until the present dry spell had dried it up. It was the same creek which, farther back in the woods, had been dammed by the beaver at the lookout trail.

The next morning was bright and clear, and the early rays of the sun gave evidence that another hot day would be added to the long spell of dry weather that had made a tremendous fire hazard of the entire forest. Before Whitfield left for the lookout he put a stick of dynamite in his pocket and slung a small detonator over his shoulder; he was going to blow up the beaver dam again.

At the end of ten minutes' walk he reached the pond. He was looking over the dam to find the most vulnerable spot when he was startled by a loud splash not a dozen yards from where he stood. He muttered to himself and looked at the disturbed water where the beaver had slapped its tail and dived. In a minute the little animal was up again, swimming at top speed and keeping a wary eye on the ranger. For a moment, it crouched on a fallen log. Then it dived again, and again its flat tail came down on the water with a resounding splash. It reappeared only to dive again. Slowly it worked its way toward the ranger in this manner, swimming rapidly back and forth and splashing a warning with its tail at short intervals. Soon it was joined by another, which followed its example. They seemed to know that danger threatened their dam. Whitfield couldn't but smile at their antics. He put the dynamite in his pocket and again swung the detonator over his shoulder. He waded to the bridge, crossed it and floundered up the muddy trail that led to the lookout tower.

Whitfield lowered the field glasses through which he had been surveying the long reaches of the forest. The waters of Kawishiwi Lake twinkled in the sun. He could see the McDonald timber, the most stately growth in sight, its deep green standing in pleasant contrast to the lighter shades of the Norway pine, the birch and the poplar that lay between it and the river. About halfway between the lookout and the place where he knew the cabin stood was a brown patch in the forest, a group of dead trees that had been killed by the beaver flooding. The day was hot. The light breeze from the southeast might have come across hot sands instead of cool woodlands; the ranger could see the heat waves rising.

SLOWLY the day wore on. At noon the ranger went to the ground and cooked his meal. The sun blazed on him from above, then from the side as he sat on the platform and swept the horizon with his glasses from time to time. He felt drowsy. He stretched his arms, looked longingly toward the cabin—and then suddenly sat up straight. He had observed a movement on the surface of Kawishiwi Lake.

Raising his glasses, he looked steadily at the sheet of water. A canoe with three men came momentarily into sight, as the craft passed an opening in the forest at the edge of the lake. He kept his glasses on the spot. Nothing else appeared; nor did the canoe again show itself.

It was not much later that three thin columns of smoke rose from among the smaller trees at the edge of the big pines. Black smoke—kerosene!

Whitfield reached for the telephone that stood in a weatherproof box in one corner of the platform railing. He rang the headquarters number and put the receiver to his ear. The line was dead. The men had evidently cut it at some place along the

river. He half-climbed and half-slid down the ladder and then started to run along the trail. Soon he settled into a slow trot, for the ground was rough. All manner of thoughts flashed through his mind. He couldn't combat a fire single-handed; he must get a crew out as soon as possible. He must follow the telephone trail beyond the cabin until he found that break in the line and telephone in from that point.

Presently he reached the beaver flooding. The muskeg seemed twice as deep as it had been. Twice he fell. Why had he been so soft-hearted that morning? Why hadn't he used the dynamite? He blamed the beaver for the existence of the fire, for the destruction of the forest!



For a moment the beaver crouched on a fallen log. Then it dived again

Reaching the dam, he stopped for a short rest. A beaver was swimming slowly about at the other end of the pond, chewing the tender twigs of poplar and busying himself about his house. The water was twinkling in the sun as brightly as ever; the luxuriant foliage, spattered with sunlight, looked as cool and fresh as it had looked that morning. A feeling of peace permeated the forest.

Whitfield continued along the trail, breaking into a trot again as soon as he was clear of the flooding. Hurrying into the cabin, he disconnected the telephone from the wall, tucked it under his arm, seized a paddle and ran to his canoe at the bank of the river. But when he approached it closely, he stopped. In the bottom of the canoe were gaping holes! It had been crushed in with an axe.

Whitfield returned to the cabin. He connected the telephone and tried again to get headquarters, but without success. He went to the point of rock at the junction of lake and river and looked up the shore. The smoke was rising in a single cloud. Yellow and gray and white, it drifted toward the cabin, high in the air. The fire had been started near the Upper Kawishiwi River and was bearing down on the McDonald timber and on the cabin; these destroyed, it would sweep into the trackless forest beyond and lay waste to thousands of acres.

WHEN Whitfield came out of the cabin he had a pack slung over his shoulders. He started up the shore of the lake, following the rock ledges of the bank toward the smoke. Before long he could hear the crackling of the fire. The smoke was beginning to

settle, and his eyes smarted. A hundred yards from the blaze he turned, left the lake and went up the narrow grassy lowland that marked the place where the creek should be. The grass, as dry as tinder, yellowed and seared by a month of steady sun, came to his knees. Dead and brittle spruce trees were lying in it. Stooping low, twisting this way and that, he pushed farther into the woods. As he approached the beaver dam he could feel damp ground underfoot, but the leakage had been reduced by the beaver to a minimum.

At the end of twenty minutes of walking through the tangled vegetation, breathing smoke in increasing quantities, Whitfield reached the dam. He surveyed the situation carefully. The fire, he knew, was coming on an even front. Behind it lay the Upper Kawishiwi and degenerated into a swamp, which ended about a hundred yards from the beaver dam and on its flank. On the west lay the cabin, the McDonald pine and the great forest beyond.

He unsling his burden, took from it a blanket, which he soaked in the water, then hung the pack on the limb of a tree. He cut a roll of birch bark, and with this as kindling he started a fire in the grass and brush near

Whitfield had the feeling all along that he had precious little chance of winning out.

Presently Whitfield rose and took his pack from the tree. Then he began work. For half an hour he labored constantly, splashing about in the water up to his waist on the inside of the thick dam and wading in the mud and cuttings on the outside of it. His heavy axe rose and fell, the dull thud of its blows booming sullenly through the woods. Every now and then he must stop and lie on the wet ground to breathe the thin layer of fresh air.

When he had finished he lay down near one end of the dam and waited. There was nothing to do now but to wait. Suddenly he raised his head and listened. He looked into the black night above him. A faint sound came from the trees—the sough and whine of a breeze through the needles. The fire, crackling sleepily in the woods a few rods off, grew brighter. Steadily the wind rose. The smoke began to move through the forest; the noise of the fire increased to a low roar; the flickering light became a brighter glare. Whitfield looked up, and when the smoke in the woods cleared momentarily he could see other smoke, lighted up by the fire underneath, racing unhampered to the westward over the top of the forest. Then there came another sound, and with it a great glare of light. It was a tremendous crackling roar, rising in crescendo and gaining in volume; then it died down again. But it left the heart of the ranger beating wildly, for he knew that the flames had reached into the lower branches of the smaller trees, had raced to their tops, stripping them in a flash of their needles and smaller branches.

CROUCHING low, he watched anxiously. If the fire got into the tops and stayed there, it meant the destruction of the forest. It would leap from tree to tree and rumble away into the distance like an express train, destroying everything before it save the dead trees and brush on the ground, which the ground fire, following, would consume slowly.

Again the fire raced into the tops, casting a blaze of bright light over the forest and making the smoke that filled it almost as bright as the fire itself. This time it remained in the tops for several minutes. Again it came down; the wind was not yet strong enough to sustain it. But the wind was increasing.

The fire was close to the dam now. Advancing on a steady front toward the grasses of the dry creek bed, roaring into the tops from time to time, it filled the forest with its choking smoke, and the flames cast weird shadows over all. Whitfield was lying flat on the ground. The flames approaching the upper end of the dam were near him, and he could feel the dry heat through his clothing. Above the din he could hear the occasional splash of a beaver.

Suddenly there came a rush of flames unlike any that had preceded it. Whitfield leaped to his feet and peered into the smoke in the direction of the lake. Flames of a new color were leaping from the ground, first at one point, then at two, then at a place as far down the creek bed as he could see. The hot breath of the nearest flames seared his face and his hair. He turned; presently he ran into the woods for a few rods. He stopped and, kneeling down, crouched over a small wooden box. He groped blindly for the lever, found it and pushed it sharply down.

There was a roar so deep that it might have come from the depths of the earth. Mud and water and sticks rose into the air, paused a moment in the lurid light of the fire, then fell to the ground with a heavy, scattering rumble. A new sound came into the night. Water, forced by the pressure of a whole woodland lake, thundered down the old creek bed. There was a tremendous hissing and snapping, and clouds of white steam mingled with the smoke.

The glow left the forest; the white steam rose in almost total darkness; the odor of wet ashes took the place of that of resinous wood smoke. Where the inferno had been at its height there remained nothing save inky blackness; where it had lately passed there remained nothing save the dimly flickering groups of lingering fire, slowly consuming the fallen trees and brush thickets. These cast light enough to throw weird shadows on the smoke that was still issuing from the floor of the forest. From far back in the woods, where the fire had passed, there was a faint crackling. Over all the sounds of the dying remnants of the fire came the rush of running water and frantic splashing in the disappearing pond. The beaver had done their work well for James Whitfield.

DOCTOR MOODY looked at Jack closely from behind his big desk in the headmaster's study.

"Can't you find work here in Lambert?"

"Lambert isn't big enough."

In spite of himself, Doctor Moody was interested. "Do you imagine, Farrington, that it will be easier for you to succeed in New York than here at home?"

"No. That's why I want to go there."

The two men looked at him in no unfriendly way.

"What have you been reading, Jack?" asked Mr. Vincent.

"Jack and the Beanstalk," answered Jack, seriously. Then he blushed. These men would think him childish after confessing his interest in a baby story like that. Oddly, they looked interested, and not as if they thought him a child.

"So you want to show what you have in you," remarked Doctor Moody. "Well, high ambition is a good thing. You are impressed by Jack's attack on the giant. New York is a giant, surely enough—and you want to enter the giant's house."

"May I suggest something?" Mr. Vincent was looking at Jack. "I wish you good luck; you pitched the finest eighth inning for us last Saturday any coach could hope for. And you would do well in the classroom if you would only determine to keep interested in the subject at hand, and not let your attention stray away to other subjects. But if you'll let me advise you as a friend and not as a teacher, I hope you will stay here and get your diploma next month. It's a handy thing to own. And, between ourselves, we are going to play Torrington a return game in June."

"Thank you, Mr. Vincent," answered Jack. "I'll try to do as you say. But I have made up my mind to go to New York as soon as possible."

Jack walked homeward from his interview with Doctor Moody and Mr. Vincent, feeling much better. It had done him good to tell them the things that troubled him. Even the confession that he felt himself to be a failure was, in some respects, a relief. And Mr. Vincent's last words had been encouraging. "Get your diploma," he had said; "and we are going to play Torrington a return game in June."

It was unusual for the two schools to play two games; Lambert High School usually wound up its schedule with a game against the graduates on Commencement Day. But this was the best team Lambert had ever had, and the Torrington schedule was disarranged, owing to an outbreak of scarlet fever at Sever Academy, their traditional opponents. The Torrington manager had eagerly accepted Mr. Vincent's challenge, for a return game on the academy grounds.

JACK continued to feel that his own baseball career had been a ghastly failure; but he could not help being interested in this last game. He had no expectation of being called on to play in it. He had had his great chance and had failed. He knew the proverb—opportunity seldom knocks twice. But the proverb was wrong. For, in the ten days that remained, a crisis arose at Lambert High School. Davis, the team's best pitcher, broke a bone in his ankle sliding to second base in practice. That left, besides Jack, only two available pitchers—Arthur Gregory and Roy Stevens.

An unfortunate situation at once developed. Gregory was a member of Phi Sigma and Stevens of Gamma Delta, the two leading fraternities in the school. The rivalry between the two, always keen, became in a few days bitter over the honor of having a Phi Sigma or a Gamma Delta man start the big game; already the newspapers were beginning to speak of it as the state championship game. Torrington's record was unmarred by defeat. They had won all their games. Lambert High had also defeated all its opponents except Torrington—and they had lost to Torrington by only the narrowest of margins. No wonder that people were interested in this game, and that interest mounted to a fever pitch at the high school.

Jack listened with eagerness to the discussions that raged in the school building and on the field. He was not a fraternity member himself; the expense of joining and paying dues had obliged him to decline all bids. Nevertheless, the activities and the politics of the fraternities had always interested him. Never before had the two big organizations been so openly at war with each other as they were now.

Jack Farrington's Beanstalk

By DAVID LORAIN and ARTHUR FLOYD HENDERSON

Illustrated by DUDLEY G. SUMMERS

Chapter II. AT THE FOOT OF THE BEANSTALK



"I don't care what the coach says," remarked Fred Storrow to Jack one afternoon. "Unless Stevens pitches, I'm through!"

"I don't care what the coach says," remarked Fred Storrow, the first baseman, to Jack one afternoon. "Unless Stevens pitches, I'm through. You won't see me at the game; no, sir! And there are four other Gamma Deltas on the team who feel just the way I do."

"Joe Stearns was talking in the same way this morning," replied Jack. "He says that, unless Gregory pitches, all the Phi Sigma players will quit."

"I don't care if they do," retorted Storrow. "You know how we feel, and Mr. Vincent knows it too."

That afternoon Jack talked with the coach after practice. "Have you decided who's going to pitch next Saturday?" he asked.

"No, Jack, I haven't," Mr. Vincent replied. "I will tell you frankly that I'd start you, and I'd expect to see you win, except for the fact that the team would lack confidence in you. That's not your fault. If this team were made up of seasoned players—if they were men, and not boys,—they would realize that you are the best pitcher we have, now that Davis is injured."

"All they realize," said Jack, flushing, "is that I lost the Torrington game by pitching to Longyear and not walking him."

"That was bad luck," said Mr. Vincent. "It was your only mistake. But you are right; the boys will remember it. I shall have to start somebody else."

"You know how the fellows feel?"

"I do. I'm sorry to see such an unsportsmanlike attitude. Yet this sort of thing often happens, even in colleges. In this case, if the attitude persists, there will be no game on Saturday—or, at least, there will be a game in which we will have to face Torrington with a makeshift team." He smiled grimly. "The path of a coach is not always strewn with roses." Then, after a pause, he looked keenly at Jack. "What would you do in my place?"

"I think," answered Jack, "that I would call a mass meeting and give the school a straight talk. I would tell them I was coach and would do what I pleased."

"That would be courageous and would be a good thing in the long run, I am sure."

Whether it would settle this particular affair is open to doubt. Our present prejudices are hard to overcome. This is the first instance at Lambert. I hope it will be the last; if not, I cannot continue as coach. But the main thing is to beat Torrington now—and there will be a mass meeting on Friday afternoon, just before practice."

The meeting was well attended; every boy in the school was there, and not a few graduates and other friends of the school. They jammed the big auditorium. While the room filled up, the school band played popular hits and marches and then swung into the school song as Doctor Moody took the center of the platform, with several teachers and Mr. Vincent in chairs behind him.

The singing, thought Jack, was the poorest he had ever heard at school. The fellows were not putting any heart into it. One voice after another died out; and halfway through the second verse Paul Joyce, the yell leader, stopped the band and called for a cheer. It was given perfunctorily. Joyce leaped to the platform, with his eyes blazing with wrath, and his fist beating the air.

"Fellows!" he cried. "I can't tell you, before the principal and so many teachers and graduates, just what I think of you! We are playing for the state interscholastic championship tomorrow, and you are just dead—dead on the necks up. If you don't wake up and put some life into things—"

"Ah, sit down and give us a rest!"

"We don't want to hear you speak!"

Cries came from all over the hall. The meeting was growing disorderly. From his seat in the back row, Jack could see that the gathering was massed like a political convention. At the right, close to the front, were the Phi Sigma members and all others who favored Gregory. Across the aisle from them sat the Gamma Delta group and other supporters of Stevens. Both factions were stamping and booing at Paul Joyce with complete impartiality.

Doctor Moody held up his hand, and after a time the noise died down.

"Boys," he said, "I understand there is some disagreement about the team for

tomorrow's game. I should be sorry to see Lambert lose that game for any small or unworthy reason. It is the first time we have been invited to play on Torrington's field, or have been within hailing distance of a state championship."

He paused, but no applause followed his words. Doctor Moody knew boys, and knew that the temper of this meeting was dangerous. He went on in a flat, disappointed voice:

"Davis, who was injured last week, is out of the hospital. At my request, he will say a few words."

While Davis hobbled on crutches to the reading desk, Paul Joyce called for a cheer for him. It was given in grudging fashion. Davis delivered a few sentences and then sat down; no one applauded, no one seemed interested.

Mr. Vincent came forward next. Jack noticed that there was a tension in the air—a sort of expectant, nervous hush as if a blast of dynamite were expected. Jack thrilled; it was the same kind of thrill he was to feel many times at more important meetings in later life.

"Students and graduates of Lambert," Mr. Vincent began, "I have only a few words to say. We are playing Torrington tomorrow, for the virtual school championship of Connecticut. Mechanically, our team is at least twenty per cent better than theirs. We shall miss our best pitcher, Davis, but we have other pitchers plenty good enough to win. We lost to Torrington a few weeks ago, by bad luck, but our team has greatly improved since then—in everything but spirit. Now, what are we here for this afternoon?"

He smiled, and his gaze wandered here and there about the hall, while he waited for an answer.

Then from the Phi Sigma group came a voice that Jack recognized as that of Joe Stearns:

"We want to know who's going to pitch tomorrow."

Mr. Vincent nodded in a noncommittal way and waited for further responses. None came. The thought that Stearns had voiced was uppermost in the minds of all. At last Mr. Vincent said:

"We have two pitchers, both left-handers, and of about equal merit. Each one has his own group of friends, who have apparently constituted themselves the coaches of our team. A coach's chief duty is to select the men who play best, and then to teach them to play together. I have been doing that here for twelve years, and this team can be the best team I have ever coached. But there are two factions in the school. Neither will support the team unless it can choose its own pitcher. I warn you, no team can win from a strong opponent unless it plays as a team. Unless our first team enters the game with heads up, and every man does his best with no shirking and no sulking, I am going to bench every man on it, and play Torrington with nine substitutes. Torrington will win about 15 to 0 from our substitutes. Now, which shall it be—victory tomorrow, or defeat? You have the answer in your hands."

HE looked down at the boys, and they looked sullenly up at him; evidently his words had not gone home. Fred Storrow stood up.

"Mr. Vincent and fellows," he said, "I think that Gamma Delta has earned the honor of having Roy Stevens pitch tomorrow. We are the oldest fraternity in school, and it seems to us and to many others that Stevens ought to pitch—"

"Stevens is no better than Arthur Gregory!" came the angry voice of Joe Stearns from the other side. "In fact, he's not so good. And if Gamma Delta is the oldest society, Phi Sigma is the largest and has done most for the school—"

He was interrupted by a volley of protests from Fred Storrow's side, and Storrow glared at the Phi Sigma man and made some sharp rejoinder which was lost in the din. A number of boys, not actively interested in one party or the other, got up and began to move toward the doors. In another moment the meeting would have broken up in disorder. But a loud, clear voice suddenly rang out from the back of the big room, and every head turned. Jack Farrington was standing in the aisle, one hand raised.

"Mr. Vincent, may I say something?"

"Come forward, Farrington."

Jack's interest in the meeting had carried him away. He was acting on impulse, as he so often acted. Misgivings assailed him as he found himself walking between the two hostile groups, toward the platform. But it

was too late to draw back. He mounted the steps, feeling very cold and uncertain. What could he say that might interest and persuade the prejudiced, angry boys in front of him? Gripping the edge of the reading desk, he looked at them. There was a pause. The boys were so much interested in this new and unexpected speaker that they gave him silence for an instant. He took advantage of it immediately.

"Fellows," he began, "I lost the Torrington game for you last month."

The silence was now unbroken, and Jack began to speak more slowly, and in a voice that did not waver.

"I felt disgraced after that game," he said, "and I made up my mind to leave school and never come back. I ought to leave, anyway, and earn some money for my family. But I have stayed because Mr. Vincent said we would have another chance to beat Torrington, and I want to help if I can. No—not as a pitcher. Everybody on the team has lost confidence in me as a pitcher. But if I can help out tomorrow by carrying the bats or the water bucket, or by rubbing Arthur Gregory's arm or Roy Stevens's arm—well, I want to do that for the team."

THERE was a buzz of surprise from the gallery, where the graduates sat. One of them clapped his hands violently, and almost fell over the railing, crying out: "That's the way to talk, Farrington! That's the old Lambert spirit!"

"I hope so," said Jack earnestly, speaking directly to the man in the gallery. "I think it's just a question of personal pride. I hate to be licked by a crowd like Torrington Academy—they are all rich, and they look down on us, but we can beat them if we try. Now, I'm in no society here. I guess I just represent public opinion. I want to see us beat Torrington tomorrow, and I have stayed in school to help if I can. Now, just a word about this trouble. We all agree with Doctor Moody—we want to win this game tomorrow, and we will do it if we are all united on the field and in the cheering section. 'By uniting we stand, by dividing we fall.' Those were the words of John Dickinson before the Revolution, and they apply to us right now. I don't care what pitcher starts the game. If we are all behind him, he will win; if we are not, he will lose. I will close by telling you the inside facts about Stevens and Gregory—you see, I've been batting against them in practice for three years."

Jack's voice was very low now, but there was a vibrant, purposeful quality in his tones which is exceedingly rare among public speakers, but which you never forget, once you have heard it. The boys were all quiet. Every pair of eyes—hundreds in all—was riveted on Jack.

"They are both southpaws—left-hand pitchers," he continued. "They are both pretty light and depend more on outguessing the batter than on much speed or many curves. I doubt if either of them can last more than five innings in a close game, where he has to give all he's got. Why, they are as much alike as,"—Jack paused here, searching for a comparison,—"*as two goldfish in an aquarium!* One has red hair and the other has brown, and that's all the difference I can see. They pitch just alike. They are just two likeable boys, doing the best they can."

There was a ripple of laughter from the audience, and it made Jack feel suddenly comfortable. He realized, in the very middle of his words, that he wanted to be a friend of every boy in the room, and that they all wanted to be friendly with him. And why not? Humanity's thirst for friendship cannot be quenched. Jack's heart went out to this large roomful of boys, cross and unreasonable as they had been. Well, he would show them how to be friends—he would now end his speech, not with an impassioned appeal, but with a gleam of humor, a laugh. He smiled, and the room smiled too; the dangerous tension was breaking up.

"So here's what I suggest," he concluded, "and if you stop to think, you'll see it is scientifically correct. I admire and respect both of the societies. The best thing we know about them, right now, is that each one has a pitcher ready to bring victory to Lambert tomorrow. I say it is only sensible to use all our resources. Let's use *both* Gregory and Stevens, and, so that everything will be absolutely fair, I vote that we use them—in alphabetical order!"

A roar went up—a roar that was half a laugh, half a cheer. The old grad in the gallery skimmed his straw hat through the air, and it swooped like a swallow to Jack's feet. Whether Jack had anything more to

say will never be known, because he picked up the hat and skimmed it back again. There were shouts of joy everywhere, and more hats began to fly, and soon there was a blinding shower of them moving up and down, and a snowstorm of paper, too. Feet began stamping on the floor, and Paul Joyce jumped on a chair and called for the Lambert yell; and it came, full-throated, with a crash and a roar that made the windows rattle and startled people in the street outside, a quarter of a mile away. Again and again came that barking, smashing yell, echoing like artillery from the walls of the room; and more and more fiercely swirled the storm of hats and paper; and while the cheering was at its height some maniac grabbed the drumstick and began hitting the bass drum a succession of mighty thumps that nearly tore it apart.

Finally the bandmen pulled themselves together and rescued their instruments from hands that were grabbing for them and struck up "Down the Field" with blaring horns and clashing cymbals; and the whole of Lambert School climbed over chair backs and wedged themselves into the aisles and were deliciously noisy and happy. And at last, with shouts in chorus of "Beat Torrington! Beat Torrington!" and with the now thoroughly disorganized band trying to play three different football songs at once, the greatest mass meeting in Lambert's history came from a hopeless beginning to a glorious close.

But the energy and enthusiasm of the boys were not spent. They spread through the whole town. Instead of dying away, this spirit grew stronger as the time of the game drew near. By noon on the following day, it looked as if every man, woman, boy and girl in town was hitting the trail over the hills to Torrington. Every carriage that would run at all seemed to be in that endless procession. The automobiles were curious, in those days. They looked like buggies with curved dashboards; but they pulled along in great style. There were farm wagons, too, with whole family parties on them, and surreys, and buckboards, and the band in a wagon by itself, blaring away like mad, with the school marching behind waving flags and blowing tin horns. All the fury with which they had opposed each other was now transformed into fury against Torrington. They were there to see the game won, and to help their team win it. They marched across the spick-and-span Torrington Academy grounds, flourishing their banners and honking their horns. They massed themselves, hundreds strong, along the third-base line and hurled cheers and songs and defiance at the dumbfounded academy boys for a full hour before the game began.

The academy boys were startled, but they responded as vigorously as they could. They could not match the tidal wave of Lambert enthusiasm that broke over them.

ARTHUR GREGORY started the game.

He was cheered to the echo as he went to the mound, and there were no voices missing in the cheer. Gregory surprised everybody, including himself; it seemed that his slow ball was under better control, his curves were breaking better, than ever before. The academy batters went out on easy pop flies or gentle rollers to the first and second basemen. Even Longyear could not meet Gregory's left-handed curves squarely. Trying too hard, he went out on a little foul fly in the second inning. And in the fourth, Gregory struck him out. There were shrieks and handspings and an eruption of straw hats on the Lambert side when this happened. Torrington's ex-major-league coach, slumping down on their bench, growled to himself that the high school had "gone crazy" and that his team had no chance.

And so it proved. Joe Stearns started the Lambert heavy hitting with a clean two-bagger in the very first inning. Fred Storrow brought him home with a blistering single that almost tore the Torrington shortstop's glove off; and before the side was out Lambert had batted around and six runs were in.

After that, the game was a rout. The Torrington team, with their nerves out of control, plunged into an abyss of errors; by loose fielding, and throws to the wrong bases, and all the other mistakes that a badly rattled team can make, they helped Lambert to pile up so many runs that the official scorers almost lost count of them. Only Longyear kept his nerve, but Longyear found that no one outfielder, not Ty Cobb himself, can be the whole defense for his team. Panting from his long runs all over the outfield and from his hard efforts to back up Torrington's dizzy infielders on

overthrows, Longyear lost his batting eye completely, and was as easy for Stevens as he had been for Gregory.

For Roy Stevens took his turn in the fifth inning. But before he went in he had the good sportsmanship to say to Mr. Vincent that Gregory deserved credit for the game and should be allowed to finish it. Mr. Gregory answered that the credit belonged to every player and every rooter on the Lambert side of the field. So Jack Farrington batted for Gregory and made everybody happy with a line single past the first baseman, after which he stole second, continued to third on an overthrow that even Longyear could not stop, and scored a moment later on a wild pitch.

Roy Stevens went in after that, and pitched even better than Gregory, and when the last sad-faced academy batter was retired in the ninth the score was Lambert 18, Torrington 1.

Farmers who watched the Lambert procession come home that evening reported that the school had snake-danced every foot of the way, which may have been an exaggeration. But there was no exaggeration about the bonfire that blazed on the Lambert grounds after dark. It lit up the sky like a volcano, or a forest fire, and the boys danced around it till the mighty pyre—so big that an old sleigh on top of it looked like a toy in proportion—had burned down to cinders. And well they might rejoice!

A hand fell on Jack Farrington's shoulder as he rode homeward with the tired, happy team in the bus.

"Happy, Farrington?"

Jack moved over and made room for Mr. Vincent.

"Why, yes," he said, "I suppose so. To tell the truth, I wasn't thinking about the game."

"It was *your* game."

Jack looked surprised.

"Doctor Moody failed, and Bob Davis failed, and I failed, at the mass meeting," said Mr. Vincent. "We couldn't move that angry, sore-headed mob. Torrington would have beaten us by about the same score that we beat them if it hadn't been for you. You got up there with common sense, and with humor, and with perfect sincerity—and those three qualities will move any public meeting in America, anywhere, any time. You saved the situation. You put the spirit into the school which won the game today. Jack, I'm proud of you! Keep on like that, overcoming your weaknesses, and you will go very far."

It was characteristic of Jack that he flushed during this speech, and that his eyes then filled with tears. It was dark in the bus, and he turned his head away. He knew well the weaknesses that Mr. Vincent meant—carelessness of details, procrastination, moodiness, lack of ability to do first things first. When he had winked away the tears, Jack turned back to the coach.

"I'm glad if you think I redeemed my failure here a little," he said. "I am leaving school now for good. I expect to go to New York next week, and try to get a job."

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

A Transplanted Mother

By WINIFRED KIRKLAND

Illustrated by HARRIET O'BRIEN

IT was five o'clock tea time and Deborah Rice's afternoon at home. Deborah was a healthy, wholesome young woman of twenty-six. She was big and athletic, with frank brown eyes and clear brown cheeks. Her big hands had a firm grasp when you shook them; and there was about the whole of her a breeziness and heartiness that made even those who possessed small Latin and less Greek both forgive and forget the fact that Deborah knew a surprising amount of Sanscrit, and that she had further just been making herself famous among classical scholars by excavating a small overlooked island in the Grecian Archipelago.

It was in consideration of the value of these researches of hers that the women's college of Buchanan University had just appointed Deborah to the chair of Grecian archaeology, this despite her youth and a doctor's degree of which the parchment was still wet.

Deborah and Deborah's friends were justly proud of her achievements, but the best of the new appointment was that it enabled Deborah, who had found poverty none too easy a nag to ride along the road to learning, to carry out the dream of her life, which had nothing whatever to do with prehistoric pottery. It had had to do with an untraveled, unlearned and lonely mother in an old farmhouse away off in Vermont.

Deborah was an only child, and her father had been dead many years. Now at last Deborah had been able to swoop down on that far-away farmhouse and, bearing her mother off in her strong young arms and her strong young love, to have her every day for her own.

The old university town of Raymond had endeavored to accommodate itself to the needs of its fluctuating, academic population. Dignified old colonial houses have adapted themselves to the exigencies of the

flat. In one of these flats, up under the eaves, Deborah had established her mother and built her a home.

Deborah was a popular young professor, and her Wednesdays were popular too, for her sitting-room was a cosy little place to drop into. Its dormer windows were softly

curtained, its low bookcases were inviting.

To the mother the little sitting-room always seemed crowded when there was even one guest present, except of course Claire.

Deborah made delicious tea: She had set Norman Ray, the young anthropologist of budding fame, to toasting muffins over the open grate. To Deborah's mother it did not seem quite courteous to make your guests prepare their own refreshment or yet

to chaff Fraulein Gutman so openly about her appetite, although to be sure Fraulein did not seem to mind. The four were having an hilarious hour.

Deborah's mother sat a little apart by the window, with her hands in her lap, restless hands because they were unemployed and because they were accustomed to touching a smooth white apron, removed now in deference to Raymond usages. She understood very little of the conversation. Claire, on her little stool in the corner, was rather quiet for her that afternoon, but from time to time she tossed the company a witty quip just to show them she was still present; meanwhile she was watching Mrs. Rice with keen eyes.

Very slowly the November twilight deepened until the windows were only gray squares and the fire glow and the spirit lamp made the chief light in the room. Mrs. Rice could hardly control an impulse to light the gas, but she knew Deborah liked the gloaming. Up in Vermont people did



"I wish we had an upstairs and a downstairs and a yard," said Deborah's mother

not allow guests to sit in semidarkness. It was a relief when some illumination had to be made in order that the two young men might find their hats.

Deborah's mother came out of her retirement by the window to bid them and Fraulein Gutman good-by, for Claire had just invited herself to stay to supper. Deborah's arms were around her mother in a mighty hug as soon as the door had closed on their departing guests.

"Didn't we have a good time?" she cried gayly to Claire.

"Did we?" answered Claire, looking at Mrs. Rice.

"And isn't it good to have mother with us!" went on Deborah, whisking her mother around.

"Yes, good for us," said Claire shortly. Then after a pause she went on briskly, "Deb, you disappear doubly quick and get us some supper. I want your mother to my own self. But just wait a minute." With the confidence of one always privileged she vanished into Mrs. Rice's bedroom, whence in a second or two she called, "Where is it anyway?"

"Where is what, dearie?" answered Mrs. Rice.

"Why, your apron."

"Hanging inside the closet door," answered Mrs. Rice, laughing.

Claire reappeared and with movements swift as a sprite's had tied the apron about Mrs. Rice's waist.

A moment's comfortable silence, then, "I ought to be very happy here with Debbie."

"Ought you? I wonder. My mother wouldn't be happy to settle down anywhere with me. She's traveled all her life, and she's still at it. I'd been everywhere in the geography before I was sixteen."

"That isn't the trouble with me," Mrs. Rice quickly and quite unnecessarily explained. "I want to be settled badly enough. That's the trouble I guess. I was too much settled at home. Somehow it doesn't seem like home here."

"It isn't. Apartments aren't homes. I've lived in them always, and I know. Mother likes them. But I don't mean, of course, that mother and I aren't the best of chums in the world. Only she doesn't want a home and I do. It seemed more like home to me up there with you and Deb in Vermont than anywhere."

"Debbie wants to sell it," whispered Debbie's mother.

"Don't you do it!" cried Claire vehemently.

"I can't. I couldn't even bear it that anybody but Aunt Sarah should come and live there this winter. She won't change things. We just left it all as it was. And I've built on it, too. Debbie's all I have, and here I am with her. I'm just ashamed; I don't know why I feel this way."

"I do," said Claire.

IT was two months later that Claire, as she and Deborah were swinging along in a glorious tramp, suddenly stopped short and asked abruptly:

"Deb, have you noticed how your mother is looking? I don't believe Raymond agrees with her one bit."

"Don't you think so?" responded Deborah anxiously. "She has been looking a little pale, I know. I'll take her around to Doctor Clark right off."

"Much good that will do!"

"Then what do you mean? O Claire—" Deborah's face grew set with alarm.

In the face of Deborah's sudden anxiety, Claire lost the courage to say what she had meant to say, and only answered, "Goodness, no, of course she hasn't. Take her to Doctor Clark. Perhaps he may suggest something that will help."

That night Deborah nearly smothered her mother with hugs, scrutinizing every line of the worn face.

After another anxious interval Claire again endeavored to screw up her courage. She was going to spend the night with

Deborah. She squared her shoulders, set her teeth, tightened her fists; this time she would; and she did. But she put it off until they were just ready for bed, then she jumped into the subject without preliminaries.

"Deborah, do you know what you must do—about your mother?"



Deborah had set Norman Ray to toasting muffins over the open grate. To Deborah's mother, sitting alone in the corner, it did not seem quite courteous to make your guests prepare their own refreshment

"No."

Claire clutched Deborah's broad shoulders with her two little hands and looked into her eyes until at last Deborah's steady gaze wavered.

"You do know," said Claire at last, "I see you know."

"No," repeated Deborah's lips, but her eyes turned away.

"You do!" cried Claire. "And you must, too."

Deborah was silent, but her breath came in deep quick gasps and her hands were tensely clasped and cold; at length she burst out:

"I can't! I can't, Claire! Now that I've got her at last, I can't spare her!"

"You must," Claire was inexorable. "For her sake."

Suddenly Deborah's expression wholly changed. Her eyes regarded Claire as an alien and a meddler; it occurred to Claire herself, understanding the look, that this perhaps was true.

"I don't believe you understand," said Deborah coldly. "Mother doesn't want to go away. She wouldn't. She loves me too much."

After that evening there was a difference in Claire's and Deborah's friendship, a difference not perceptible to others, but for themselves only too tangible. Meanwhile the mother grew daily paler and more sweet.

"No, I'm not sick, not sick at all," she said to Deborah, and Doctor Clark said the same.

THERE was much gayety in Deborah's little apartment that spring—teas and little dinners and evening feasts, all merry and informal.

To all her daughter's parties, Deborah's mother came, although her enjoyment of them was not always equal to the effort which she found they required of her. Mrs. Rice's social life in Vermont had for a good many years now consisted of visits from near neighbors of her own age and the return calls that she felt it was courteous to make. Of course, she took a part in the activities of the local church, although she had never been called on to preside at meetings or to organize committees. Every town has its forceful, busy, bustling women, who take upon their capable shoulders the burden of the community work. Every town, too, has its quiet, shy, retiring women, who do the work they are asked to do—and generally a whole lot more—but to whom the Lord has not given the capacity for driving other people to work. Mrs. Rice was one of the latter. Some people—mostly the hustlers—considered her too exclusive and mistook her quietness for something else.

In Deborah's flat, Mrs. Rice exerted herself to the utmost at first to make herself amusing and entertaining to the young people. But the effort had already proved ex-

hausting. Every day now she found herself so weary by bedtime that she could not easily fall asleep. After a time, she gradually gave up her attempts to be the actively charming, energetic mother of her charming, energetic daughter and subsided into silence, not speaking unless she was spoken to.

She became keenly conscious of her own

silence and felt that the young people round her must notice it. She even began to wonder if her presence in the room didn't make them feel ill at ease. In common parlance, she thought she was a "wet blanket."

This delusion was strengthened by an incident that happened one afternoon during one of Deborah's popular tea parties. Mrs. Rice was sitting in an uncomfortable stiff little chair by the window, she refused to accept the only armchair the room boasted, and one of Deborah's pupils was leaning on the arm of her chair, talking with her. Mrs. Rice felt that she had little in common with this modern young creature, who used French phrases and long archaeological words so glibly. She believed that the girl on the arm of her chair was not interested in her—was only being polite on account of Deborah. Slowly the conversation lapsed, and Mrs. Rice found herself listening to the young people who were crowded round her daughter.

"Listen, Deb," said one girl. "A crowd of us have hired some canoes for tonight, and we're going to paddle up Raymond Creek five miles to Lawton Woods and cook a picnic supper. You've simply got to come with us. It'll be loads of fun!"

"Yes," cried another girl. "My brother's in the radio business, and he's just sent me a new portable set that fits in a suitcase, and we're going to try it out in the canoes!"

Mrs. Rice saw Deborah hesitate. The girl who had first invited her saw the hesitation in her eyes and hastily added, "And, Deb, dear, of course we expect your mother."

"Oh," said Deborah, "I wouldn't think of letting mother come; you know how chilly it is up there in the marshes, and a canoe's so damp. Besides, I don't think mother would really enjoy it."

"Then surely you'll come?" Deborah smiled and poked the empty fireplace.

"No, really," she said. "I have simply reams of work I must do tonight."

Mrs. Rice heard no more. She had heard enough! She was keeping Deborah from enjoying herself! If she had only listened more carefully, she would have heard the end of Deborah's sentence:

"I have the themes of the whole freshman class to go through; and I've got the seniors' examination to write; and I have to dig up forty new photographs to illustrate my lecture tomorrow. Doesn't that satisfy you?"

As a matter of fact, Deborah would have been unable to go on that picnic whether her mother had been with her or not.

On a later June evening Deborah was busy entertaining a dozen freshmen with a chafing-dish supper. The pungency of Welsh rabbit had spread through all the house. There was a great clatter of conversation, under cover of which after a while Claire found opportunity to whisper to Deborah:

"Where's your mother?"

"In bed."

To herself Claire remarked, "I don't believe it," for she had heard stealthy rustlings on the other side of the portière, and, availing herself of an opportunity when no one was looking, she slipped into Mrs. Rice's room. It was a cramped closet of a place, and the April night was warm, and the freshmen were noisy. Claire thought of Mrs. Rice's wider upper chamber in the Vermont farmhouse. Mrs. Rice was sitting in her wrapper by the open window. The windows of the house in the rear were not half a dozen feet from hers. Between the two roofs was a slit of starry sky. She was so used to Claire that she hardly moved as the latter slipped an arm about her neck in the darkness, kneeling by her chair. After a moment Mrs. Rice said, "I wonder why they build houses in their backyards here. I should think they'd feel they couldn't breathe."

There was something gripping Claire's throat, and it was hard to speak, but by and by she said:

"I'm sure you're tired. Don't you think you'd feel better if you should get into bed?"

Mrs. Rice glanced back over her shoulder toward the sitting-room. "I don't like to go to bed," she said, "when there's nothing between one and the company but just that curtain. I wish we had an upstairs." And after a pause she added, "And a downstairs and a yard."

"In other words," whispered Claire, "you wish you were home."

"Oh, yes, yes, I do!"

"Go!" said Claire.

There in the darkness Claire conceived and set forth dark plans, dark considering that Deborah was her friend; but when Claire felt the new hope and life leap up in the heart of the homesick woman beside her she forgave herself.

"Deb will only be home long enough for lunch tomorrow. I'll put you on the train in the afternoon. I'll come back home with Deb at five after her Journal club. It's too easy for anything. All you've got to do is to go."

"But—Debbie—will she ever forgive me?"

"She surely will."

"She won't let me go." There was something like a sob.

"Don't you understand, dear, that I meant you weren't to tell her," said the wicked Claire, "but just to go?"

Toward the end of the afternoon Deborah and Claire came tramping up the stairs. Deborah took out her latch key, and she and Claire entered, Deborah's rich voice ringing out joyously, "Mother!"

At the sound Claire felt suddenly quite sick and faint with guilt.

"Guess she's out in the kitchen," said Deborah, striding out. Her mother was not there, but her letter was.

Claire sat and waited. There was not a sound. Deborah did not come back. Claire strained her ears. The clock ticked so loud that it deafened her. It was fully half an hour before she did go out into the kitchen to find Deborah seated by the kitchen table, with her head resting on one hand, and a piece of white paper in the other. She extended this silently to Claire, who read:

"Dear, dear, dear Debbie, I have run away. Mother."

"Where?" asked Deborah.

"You know, Deb—home."

Deborah continued to sit motionless, staring straight ahead.

"Deb," said Claire sinking on her knees beside her, "I did it!"

Deborah brought her far-away eyes to gaze long at Claire before she said at last: "You? How could you do it? She did it herself; she went away and left me. And why didn't she tell me? Why didn't she say good-by?"

"It would have killed her to tell you, Deb—and it was killing her to stay."

For a long time Claire patted Deborah's hand in silence, then at last she said:

"Deb, darling, I'm going to come and live with you and teach you something I've had to learn. Like this, for instance: I don't believe any child is everything to any mother. They need something else. We are young and strong. We can bear missing them, if only we love them enough. The thing your mother needs is home, and such mothers don't bear transplanting."

The Wonder Story of Steinmetz

By JOHN WINTHROP HAMMOND

Chapter I.

THE AWAKENING

UNDOUBTEDLY a large part of every day's work, throughout the whole world, is done by electricity. The brightest lights that shine in our homes, our stores and our public places, snapped on in the twinkling of an eye, are electric lights. The power that runs great machines in numerous factories, the power that runs street cars and even railroad trains, in some parts of the country, is electric power. The heat that is used in large furnaces and huge ovens in many industries is electric heat; and in some homes electric heat does the cooking. And it is through electricity that swift communication is possible by telegraph, telephone and wireless.

Yet electricity has only been of practical use to mankind, aside from the telegraph, since about 1880. And for a number of years, it was employed only to a limited extent, and the machines which produced it were decidedly crude.

The knowledge we now have of electricity and its immense usefulness to almost everybody—usefulness so complete that we could hardly get along without it—has come because some of the world's greatest men have given their whole lives to investigating it. These men include inventors, like Edison, scientists, like Marconi, and mathematicians, like Steinmetz.

Steinmetz was one of the very greatest of those men who discovered facts about electricity. He did his work through mathematics, which includes such subjects as algebra, geometry and trigonometry. He had a very unusual brain, but his body was sadly crippled, and he was a dwarf, scarcely more than four feet tall.

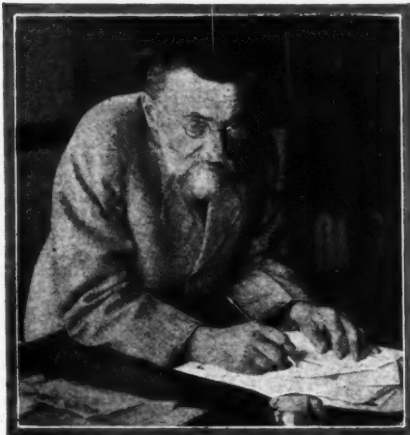
He was much more than a mathematician, for he was interested in many of those matters which have to do with human happiness. He believed everyone should secure as fine an education as possible. He was interested in boys and girls all his life. He liked to be out of doors, and he had a little camp on a creek near his home city, where he enjoyed paddling in a canoe. He was fond of queer varieties of plants, and he had a great liking for all sorts of pets.

Most of all, Steinmetz knew how to think. And he was a man of peaceful purposes, kind-hearted and anxious to make life pleasant for others. He had to work hard for his education—but he got a splendid education just the same. He had to work hard when he started to earn his own living. When he came to America he was so poor that a friend with whom he traveled had to pay his way on the ship. Yet Steinmetz, within three years after landing at New York, solved mathematical problems that no one else could solve, and worked his way up to be one of the most famous electrical engineers of his time.

The story of Steinmetz is a wonderful story of a penniless, crippled boy who became a master mind in electrical matters, and who helped very much in making electricity a useful servant of man. It is a story which begins long before electricity began to be put to work in America. It goes back to a home in Breslau, Germany, on April 9, 1865, when a son was born to Carl Heinrich and Caroline (Neubert) Steinmetz, whom they christened Carl August Rudolf Steinmetz.

When the boy Steinmetz first went to school, it is interesting to know that he had rather a hard time with his multiplication tables. But by the end of a few years patient and persistent work had its inevitable effect: he began to find his studies interesting. As soon as he became interested, he became brilliant. When he entered high school in Breslau, he was one of the quickest pupils in mathematics the teachers had ever seen.

One of his instructors was Professor Fechner, a lecturer on philosophy. Professor Fechner had a peculiar method of acquiring knowledge. He never took anything for granted. Instead, he always questioned a statement, even though it might be the expression of some very learned man, or might appear in some noted book. Professor Fechner explained this method to young Carl Steinmetz, who was then an earnest youth of about fourteen or fifteen. Carl thought it was a most interesting idea. He



CHARLES PROTEUS STEINMETZ

"The story of Steinmetz is the wonderful story of a penniless crippled boy who became a master mind in electrical matters"

began to follow it himself. He refused to accept anyone else's statements, even about something that seemed to be very plain; he had to work it all out himself.

From that time, all through his life, he proceeded in this manner. One day, many years later, he was reading some statements which other men had written about a certain law of electrical magnetism. These statements he would not accept without making his own investigation. And in doing this he discovered that one of the other men had made an error; more than that, he found that neither of them had gone far enough.

In 1882, he entered the University of Breslau. About that time the university added to its list of studies a short course in electrical engineering. In his fourth year at the university he added this course to his other studies. It did not take him long to learn all the professors could teach him, so scant was the volume of knowledge regarding this science. He conducted some crude electrical experiments in a little laboratory he had built himself at home, and

in Switzerland. He had so little money that he had to tutor continually, and he also earned small sums from time to time by writing articles for the newspapers. He had practically no leisure.

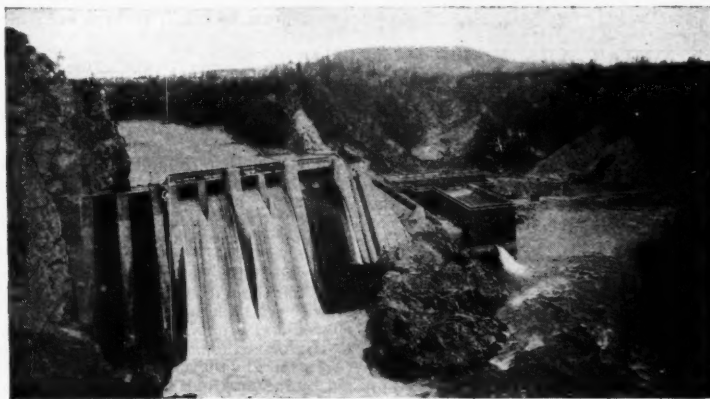
Toward the spring of 1889 a young man named Oscar Asmusen, who had been Steinmetz's closest friend and roommate in Zurich, received news from his family in America that made it advisable for him to come home at once. He had grown so fond of his friend Steinmetz that he offered to pay Steinmetz's passage if the latter would come with him to America. Steinmetz had been longing to get to the United States, and so he accepted the offer, promising to pay Asmusen back at the earliest opportunity. Before they left Zurich he was fortunate enough to get a letter from the editor of a German electrical publication for which he had written articles to a certain Rudolf Eickemeyer, who had an electrical establishment in America.

As it was Saturday when they reached New York, the steerage passengers were held on board until the following Monday, while the first-class passengers were landed at once. Sunday night the weather turned chilly, and a damp wind, blowing in upon Steinmetz through an open port as he slept, gave him a severe cold. He awoke in the morning with one side of his face badly swollen.

Feeling far from well, and looking even worse than he felt, the young German immigrant, accompanied by Asmusen, walked up the gangplank a little later and in due course of time appeared before the immigration officers at Castle Garden. It was a crisis in his life—and it would have had an unfortunate outcome if he had been compelled to make his way that day alone.

His swollen face, lack of money, inability to speak English and generally forlorn appearance caused the immigration authorities to shake their heads. Questioning him, as they did all the immigrants, they received only puzzled answers, mostly in German. When they asked him if he understood English, his answer was: "A few."

They therefore decided that he could not be permitted to land, and ordered him sent to the detention pen, to be deported to Europe. But Asmusen saved the day for his little dwarfish friend. Asmusen spoke



Courtesy General Electric Co.

Long Lake Station of the Washington Water Power Company. It was the inventive genius of Steinmetz that helped to convert the power of huge, man-made waterfalls like this one into electric light, heat and power in towns and cities far away

the more he experimented the more he became convinced that electricity would some day become a great servant of man's.

Forced to Flee from Germany

Less than a year before Steinmetz expected to finish his studies at Breslau, and after he had begun working on his graduation essay, the police arrested a number of political offenders in Breslau. Suspicion fell on Steinmetz, who had long been connected with the student movement of protest against Bismarck's tyranny. Shortly afterward he fled to Switzerland. He spent a large part of the six months that followed his forced departure from Germany in studying at the Zurich Polytechnical School

English fluently, and he showed a good-sized sum of money which, he declared, belonged to them both. He offered to be responsible for Steinmetz and to see that the latter did not become a public charge.

The appeal of Asmusen caused the officers finally to reverse their decision and to allow Steinmetz to land upon the shores of America. In Brooklyn the two young men found a home for several weeks. And as soon as Steinmetz had recovered from his cold he started out to look for work.

The first place to which he applied was the Edison Company, in lower Manhattan. But the engineer in charge told him there was no opening there, and Steinmetz went away disappointed. He tried several places in Brooklyn, also without result.

After a few days, he started out to find the manufacturing establishment of Rudolf Eickemeyer, to whom his editorial friend in Germany had given him a letter of introduction. Eickemeyer's place was in Yonkers a city on the Hudson River, about fifteen miles north of New York.

Steinmetz reached Yonkers, and after making a number of inquiries he found the Eickemeyer factory, which was conducted by a firm known as Eickemeyer & Osterheld. This was the beginning of one of the most interesting periods of his life.

Twelve Dollars a Week

Inside Eickemeyer's office Steinmetz found a young clerk, Walter S. Emerson, who has told of his meeting with the man destined to become one of the world's foremost electrical engineers. Emerson, a nephew of Eickemeyer's, thus described Steinmetz:

"He had come directly from the railroad station. He wore plain, rather rough clothes, and a cap. I got the idea, from looking at him, that he was some chap who had knocked his way from place to place, looking for a job. I asked him whom he wanted to see. He replied: 'Mr. Eickemeyer,' speaking in a quick manner. I went upstairs and found Mr. Eickemeyer. 'Uncle,' I said, 'there's a man to see you down in the office. I don't know his name; he might be a fellow who has come off a freight train. I'll follow you down.'

"I went down behind Mr. Eickemeyer and stood in the door as the two met. Then I heard the visitor's name. I heard him say: 'I'm Mr. Steinmetz'; and then they began to talk in German and sat down together at Mr. Eickemeyer's desk. I stayed a little while, then left. Later I glanced into the office. They were still talking together, Mr. Eickemeyer sitting at his desk and Steinmetz in a chair alongside. They talked for a couple of hours."

When Eickemeyer came into the room, Steinmetz arose and said, in his best English:

"Have I the honor to speak to Mr. R. Eickemeyer?"

Eickemeyer, who knew men and whose experience had been extensive, looked the young chap over with a quick, keen, friendly eye, nodded, and then said, with a smile: "Sprechen-Sie Deutsch?"

Those three German words made Steinmetz instantly feel at home. He answered eagerly, and then they had that long talk together. Eickemeyer found out at once that this young fellow was no ordinary floater, looking for a chance job. He discovered that Steinmetz possessed a fine technical education. So it was that Eickemeyer treated Steinmetz almost as an equal. He was interested in what Steinmetz knew about electrical matters.

The interview was an enjoyable one for Steinmetz—but it did not result immediately in a job. Eickemeyer said he had no work just then, but he asked Steinmetz to come in again.

A week passed, and Steinmetz, having heard nothing more from Eickemeyer, returned to Yonkers to inquire if anything had yet turned up. His persistence won him what he wanted. He was told to report the following Monday, June 10, and was put to work as a draftsman at two dollars a day.

During the next year, the first year that Steinmetz spent in America, he began to establish himself with rapidity in the profession of electrical engineering. He joined the New York Mathematical Society, now the American Mathematical Society, and was also admitted to membership in the American Institute of Electrical Engineers.

He attracted a good deal of attention, in his discussions, by the surprising skill which he showed in handling mathematics, even of the most complicated kind. Steinmetz was not yet thirty years of age.

He had just made a home for himself in Yonkers, finding lodging in the household of the other draftsman at Eickemeyer's factory, Edward Mueller, and having bade good-by to Asmusen, his faithful friend, who had returned to Europe.

Steinmetz was now almost ready for the first big achievement of his life—a difficult and brilliant mathematical investigation which resulted in a new law regarding electric motors.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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FACT AND COMMENT

THE true martyr waits for death; the enthusiast runs to meet it.

A BOY FROM LOS ANGELES, Herbert Wenig by name, was the winner of this year's national oratory contest in Washington. Two girls came next—Myrtle Posey of Washington and Helen Bylund of New York. More than two million boys and girls took part in the preliminary competitions all over the country.

NOW THAT AN AMERICAN has won the British golf championship, our fellow citizens have pretty nearly all the great athletic titles in their hands. But we have yet to find a long distance runner who can claim to be the equal of Nurni, the Finn, and our women tennis players are still playing second fiddle to Suzanne Lenglen.

MME. NELLIE MELBA, the lady with the voice of gold, has made her last public appearance at the age of sixty-five. Those who were fortunate enough to hear her in her prime can be sure that they have listened to a voice than which none more pure and beautiful ever existed. There is none today to be compared with it for sheer beauty or for perfection of method.

THE SQUABBLE over the national flag of Germany, which caused the downfall of the Luther ministry, has led the Reichstag to consider a new flag, in which, besides the black and red colors that were to be seen in both the old imperial flag and the new republican one, the white of the former and the gold of the latter shall be included. One design contains the iron cross that was part of the old imperial ensign, and another shows the imperial eagle displayed on a square of gold.

IN PRAISE OF SAILING

UP and down the North Atlantic coast—and we hope on the South Atlantic, the Pacific and the Great Lakes—the builders of yachts and small pleasure-boats have been busier the past winter and spring than in any season since the World War—and probably before it. The boat-yards, with their beguiling sights, sounds and smells, are only a little less provocative to the imagination than the sea itself. What the sea does to poets, skilled and unskilled in the arts of expression, we know full well. What it did to an old woman, inland bred, when her thirsting eyes rested upon it for the first time, was to call forth the cry, "Sakes alive! I'm glad to see something there's enough of!"

Just because there is enough of it, and always will be, the open water is coming into its own as a pleasure-ground. Except for the great woods, there never was a playfield to compare with it, for freedom, romance and rewarding challenges to resource. But the forest wildernesses, especially those in which any opportunities for real hunting are to be found, are constantly diminishing in area and generally lie beyond the practical uses of any but the most prosperous and fortunately placed. The sea, unluckily, is also beyond the reach of multitudes; yet on many lakes and rivers the boating instinct may find its fulfilment, and every year the lure of the seacoast draws greater numbers from the interior to tide water.

They find there a pastime which includes knowing how to swim and the first principles of watermanship—a sport, when the fine competition of racing is added to the pleasure of sailing for its own sake, which calls for sportsmanship of a high order; an unsurpassed training in quickness of decision and fertility of resource. The beauty of it is that the boy—or girl—who undertakes the management of a boat—especially a sailboat—is confronted with the inevitable. Tides, waves, winds are forces of nature which are not going to bend themselves to the will of the sailor, young or old. It is for him to turn them to his account, seizing a favoring tide or breeze, trimming his sails and shifting his helm. If his character, after a summer or two so employed, does not display a certain stiffening and quickening of its better qualities, it will not be for lack of the proper exercise. And a further beauty of it is that while all this training is going on the person who profits by it is having such barrels of fun that he is entirely unaware that anything even remotely educational is in progress.

In the early romantic days of New England shipping a youth of nineteen found himself in command of a vessel that had to be brought back from the Orient. With no chart but a map of the world in "Guthrie's Geography" this youth navigated the ship in safety from Calcutta to Boston. In our own time the parents of a boy of seventeen, born of the oldest Yankee stock, gave him one summer a fifteen-foot sailing skiff to be raced with other boats of its class at Sakonnet, R. I. But instead of having the new boat delivered there he chose to receive it at Troy, N. Y., the winter home of his family, and to sail it alone down the Hudson, through the swirling tides of Spuyten Duyvil, eastward through Long Island Sound, across the stretch of open sea to Sakonnet. This boy, John G. Alden by name, became the distinguished sailor and boat designer from whose plans The Companion boys of this summer are beginning to build the A. B. C. class of small boats which they will sail on many waters to their delight and profit.

The time is past when any of them will be called upon to bring a ship from China to Salem; but the time will never pass when the boy at the helm of his own boat will fail to rejoice in a growing sense of mastery, to match his wit and resourcefulness against powers immeasurably greater than his own, to exult in turning an impending defeat into the most satisfying of victories—and to emerge from the whole experience a better all-round man for the life-long game of conquering obstacles in the spirit and with the relish of a true sportsman.

M. A. De WOLFE HOWE

WHAT ARE YOUR RESOURCES?

PROF. A. M. LOW, an Englishman whose achievements in the field of science entitle anything he says to a respectful hearing, has been making some social forecasts. He sees not far ahead a time when a new type of motor car, by the mere shifting of a lever, will sail the waves or mount into the air; when static will be eliminated from the radio and apparatus will be so cheap that every house will be equipped as a matter of course; when all food will be prepared in community kitchens and sent out ready-cooked and hot; when, "during your quickly dispatched breakfast the pleasant-toned loud speaker will sound out the happenings of the previous day and a television machine will give you glimpses of some of the events."

The same paper which reprints Professor Low's forecast prints also a letter from Mr. David Belasco, the playwright and producer. He wonders whether the young people of today appreciate the changes that science has wrought in the last fifty years, and whether the effect on them is wholly good. "Remove the girl or boy of today from the radio, the telephone, furnace heat, the automobile, the libraries, movies and other forms of amusement and comfort—give them merely a jackknife and nature's unchanging wonders—and how would they fare?"

The old-fashioned boy who had the jackknife and was fortunate enough to have also the wheels of an old clock was rich. If he wanted a kite he made it from curtain sticks, brown paper, twine and flour paste and balanced it with a tail in which wormwood, tansy and daisies supplemented the paper bobbins. It was not a scientific kite, but out of the experiments of those boys with jackknives came kites that are scientific, and the aeroplane itself. "The youngster

of the late eighteen hundreds was a pretty self-reliant American citizen, who appreciated his few conveniences and was prepared to make others for himself if he needed them," says Mr. Belasco.

The blessings that science and invention have conferred upon us are great, and on the whole, good; but they are not all of life. When they are allowed to usurp the place of older and more vital interests they are harmful rather than helpful. The boy who makes his own radio outfit has gained something that the boy who buys it ready-made will never know; and the woman who makes a home out of a house has provided her family with something more and better than food alone. Only those persons who have stored up resources in themselves are intellectually independent.

Professor Low's unattractive picture of the home life of the future recalls the old Quaker lady's remark to the superficial youth who had been recounting the numerous activities of his crowded days: "Friend, when does thee think?"

RURAL AND URBAN POPULATION

IN 1900 sixty per cent of our population was classed by the census-takers as "rural." In 1920 the percentage had dropped to forty-eight per cent. With these figures as a basis the picture has been drawn of throngs of people leaving the countryside and hurrying to the great cities. That there has been some movement of the sort is probable; but it has been much exaggerated.

To begin with, the "rural" population has by no means diminished in actual numbers. It has, as a matter of fact, increased since 1900 by more than 6,000,000. In the next place we must consider what the arbitrary line is which the census men have fixed to divide the "urban" dwellers from the "rural." It is as low as a population of 2500. If you live in a village of 3000 people in a farming region, you may think of yourself as rural, but the census classes you as urban. During the twenty years between 1900 and 1920 a great number of villages crossed this arbitrary line. Mr. R. W. McCulloch, who has gone into the census figures with great care for the Survey, says that 4,620,000 people were in this manner transferred from the rural to the city-dwelling class without moving out of their own dooryards.

Finally, there is immigration. About 14,000,000 immigrants arrived in the United States during those twenty years. Probably four-fifths of them settled in the cities, great or small; perhaps even more. Their children are now helping to swell the urban population.

So it appears that the great increase in the number of city folk as compared with country-dwellers is owing to immigration and to the natural growth of the smaller towns which have got big enough to be counted as urban communities. When these allowances are made, we find that the rural population is increasing in almost the precise ratio between births and deaths, and that if there is any loss at all it can be accounted for by the growth of the smaller towns and cities, rather than by the attractions of the great centers of population. New York, Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, Boston and Pittsburgh, to name only a few of the big cities, have been built to their present size by the immigration of foreigners, not by the surrender of the country-dwellers to their attractions.

OUR ASTRONOMICAL COVER

THE central picture on our cover this week is the great 72-inch reflecting telescope at the Lick Observatory in California. The picture numbered 1 at the upper left-hand corner is the moon at full as seen through a telescope of moderate power. Number 2 and the corresponding long picture on the other side of the page show the moon's surface as seen through a high-powered telescope. Numbers 3 and 5 are interesting astronomical instruments of bronze made centuries ago by the Chinese. They are still to be seen in Peking. Number 4 is one of the many spiral nebulae in the heavens. The latest theory is that these are star universes like our own at inconceivable distances from the earth. Number 6 is a telescopic view of the planet Mars, and number 7 is a similar view of Saturn and its mysterious "rings." On either side of number 4 and number 7 are other glimpses of the moon's scarred and arid surface.

THIS BULB WORLD

THE COST OF A PRIMARY

THE Senate committee which has been investigating the money spent by the different senatorial candidates in the recent Pennsylvania primary, has found out that the election cost at least \$1,837,000—and very likely considerably more. The largest amount was spent in the interest of Senator Pepper, but even Governor Pinchot's organization, which confessed both to "poverty" and an unwillingness to spend money lavishly for such a purpose, disbursed \$195,000, which is almost the exact sum which Mr. Newberry of Michigan spent in a primary election several years ago—an expense that cost him his seat in the end. Secretary Mellon, who was one of Senator Pepper's backers, is out in a statement to the effect that such great expenditures are inevitable in a state which contains several million voters, in a hotly contested campaign. Whether inevitable or not, they are common and increasing, and they operate to keep many able men, who cannot command large amounts of money, out of public life.

THE BRITISH COAL STRIKE

ALTHOUGH the general strike in Great Britain was short-lived, the coal strike which was at the bottom of all the trouble still drags on, to the injury of British manufactures and commerce of all sorts. Neither miners nor operators show any willingness to meet on a common ground, and the government seems reluctant to interfere to any purpose. Premier Baldwin has aroused the anger of the Labor leaders by saying that the coal trade cannot keep on paying present wages unless the miners are willing to work eight hours a day instead of seven.

PAYING OFF THE PUBLIC DEBT

THE Treasury has recently paid off \$333,000,000 of maturing loans out of surplus revenue, which seems to indicate that the recent reduction in the income-tax rates did not mean any reduction in the amount received from the tax. We have made extraordinary progress in paying off the enormous public debt of more than \$26,000,000,000 with which the war left us. It has already been reduced to \$19,000,000,000. Almost exactly a billion dollars has been paid off every year since the high point of the debt in 1919. That this has been done without any disturbance of business or any sense of strain is a proof of our great economic strength and a tribute to the skill with which the Treasury has handled our financing.

ANOTHER DICTATOR

POLAND'S political upset has resulted, as everyone foresaw, in the virtual dictatorship of Marshal Pilsudski. He is not the president of the republic; a professor of chemistry named Moscicki occupies that office. But Pilsudski at his own demand is commander in chief of the armies, with some such authority granted him by the cabinet as General Ludendorff had in Germany during the last year of the war. It is also provided that he cannot be removed from his post by any civil government of the future. Nothing but resignation or revolution can shake his authority.

BRAZIL GETS OUT OF THE LEAGUE

THE government of Brazil has resigned from the League of Nations, in consequence of its failure to convince the League that it was entitled to a permanent seat in the Council of the League. According to the constitution of the League, the withdrawal is not effective for two years, and Brazil may change its mind before then. There is some chance that Spain may follow the example of Brazil, for a similar reason; but none of the other South American countries seems likely to do so.

MISCELLANY

HEALTH OR BEGGARY

WHEN Peter told the lame man, "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I thee," it would not be safe to assume that the cripple accepted with enthusiasm the apostolic gift of healing in lieu of the alms he had anticipated. Beggary had its cheerful aspects. There was a social side to the business which had its advantages, and it was not free from financial reward.

When Peter said, "In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk," he laid upon the man who had been lame an obligation to get up and earn a living. He may not have had any trade. Labor for him may have been and probably was one of arduous endeavor. It is not at all certain that his wages were as large as the cash receipts from his begging. Why should a man care to be healed when his lameness involved no serious physical suffering and gave him a place in the sun and an opportunity to eat his bread in the sweat of other men's toil?

There may have been days afterward when, returning home with blistered palms and aching bones, and with less money in his pocket than he had been accustomed to count in the days when he could not labor, he lamented the fact that Peter had not tossed him a copper and gone his way without bestowing the troublesome gift of healing.

If so, the lame man was not alone in this position. The world has not a few comfortably sick people who ask alms or sympathy when they ought to rise and carry their share of the world's burdens. Faith in Christ is still a curative agent of the first importance. But the principle goes much farther. What are the best things which religion can do for a man or woman? Are they material or spiritual?

The best things that religion can do for men are not financial or physical. That religion is best for men which raises them to their feet in honor and self respect and humble gratitude and sends them forth to lives of loving service.

It has come to pass in the progress of a complex civilization that large material benefits follow in the wake of the Gospel. Inevitably men measure religion by these results. They are only partly right. Still to the spiritual life of man comes the strong and possibly stern word of opportunity and command, "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I unto thee. In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk."

QUARRY POOL

By Nora B. Cunningham

*Once it was level upland, lying against the sky,
A place where meadow-larks nested, and happy
winds went by;
A prairie so tranquil-seeming, so grassy and
smooth and fair,
Scarcely you would have noticed outcroppings
of limestone there.*

*But there came a day when the sod was torn and
drills were driven deep,
And roar upon roar aroused the rocks from
their placid and age-long sleep;
High in the air they were hurled by each
rending, shattering blast—
Then the fragments were gathered and crushed.
Thus torturing years went past.*

*At last the ordeal ended. Quiet came back again,
But the wound in the breast of the prairie must
ever and ever remain;
She had given the strength of her heart to the
making of roads for men,
Firm roads for their feet to travel. Will they
remember her then?*

*No, never a traveler pauses the distant prairie
to bless,
Nothing is left to her now but an empty lone-
liness. . . .*

*But the blasting had struck a vein, hidden
among the rocks
(As sometimes the shock of sorrow a latent
power unlocks),*

*And the empty, ugly quarry became a shining
pool,
Blessing the tired and thirsty with waters clear
and cool;*

*And trees sprang up around it, giving it
grateful shade,
And by and by all men forgot 'twas a pool that
pain had made.*

WHEN WASHINGTON ATE HUMBLE PIE

AN invitation to eat humble pie has just about as complimentary and agreeable a sound as a demand that a person should eat crow. Nevertheless, the great, good, and dignified Father of His Country ate it without demur. How could it be otherwise when

Martha Washington herself proffered the dish? Her recipe, recently copied from her cookbook preserved at Mount Vernon, runs thus:

"To make an humble pie, take ye humbles of a deer or a calve's heart or pluck a sheep's heart, perboyte it & when it is cold shread it small with beefe suet & season it with cloves, mace, nutmeg and ginger beaten small & mingle with it currans & salt. Put all into ye pie & set it in the oven an houre, then take it out, cut it up and put in some clarret wine, melted butter & sugar, beat together, then cover it a little & serve it up."

The humbles of a deer are the entrails. As far as one can guess at the product of Mrs. Washington's recipe, it must have been a kind of poor relation to mince pie, that more familiar and nobler compound of spiced and sugared meat with pastry. Whatever it was, it probably tasted good, for she liked to please her George, and he, like most active out-door men, frankly though not to excess enjoyed the pleasures of the table. Turkey and lobsters figure conspicuously in one of his old account books. The bill of fare at Mount Vernon was doubtless appetizing as well as abundant, even though Mrs. Washington, like a good housewife, counterbalanced an occasional extravagance with more frugal viands, such as humble pie or a "made dish"—her discreetly deceptive name for plain bread pudding.

GOOD ENGLISH AND GOOD AMERICAN

"BEFORE of who lady shall I upset the coffee pot?" inquired a polite waiter last year of two American girls studying abroad. He meant, as he would have worded it in his own tongue, "Set it up; set it down," as we should say in ours.

In our rich but illogical English language, as Mr. Logan Pearsall Smith has just pointed out in a book on "The Speech of the English Speaking Peoples," *upset* and *set up* are almost precisely opposite in meaning, while *undergo* and *go under*, *overtake* and *take over* have not at all the same significance. He calls attention also to many other oddities of speech; for instance, our unreasonable use of prepositions. We find fault in a person, but find fault with him; we act on the spur of the moment, but at a moment's notice; we are insensible to, but unconscious of; we say for long, but at length. An American gets on or off a train, while an Englishman gets in or out of it. The American train is on time and the British up to time.

For many years any recognized Americanism, whether of word or phrase, was in England condemned because, being good American, it could not be good English. Today many Americanisms are accepted readily, by scholars no less than ordinary folk, as convenient or picturesque enrichments of the mother-tongue: such phrases, for instance, as to "sit on the fence"; to "take a back seat"; to "put it over"; to "get it across" and "it's all over but the shouting"; and such words as *yellow*, applied to newspapers, and *caucus*, *platform* and *convention* in their political use. Britannia, for many years back, has not been able to rule the waves in her more pacific enterprises, without the aid of *schooners* and *clippers*; and if in the realm of music we are only now giving her *ragtime*, *coon songs* and *jazz*, they were preceded long ago by Benjamin Franklin's more mild and mellifluous harmonica.

"BID ME NOT"

RUTH, aged four, found grandma reading and upon inquiry was told she was studying her Sunday-school lesson. "Teach me my Sunday-school lesson, grandma," she said. So grandma taught her to say, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

A few days later Ruth's mother went upstairs to make the beds. The air was very cold from open windows, and Ruth was told to remain below. After a time Ruth called, "Mamma, I'm coming up."

Mother explained it was very cold and Ruth might become ill and she must remain below. But Ruth persisted and started to mount the first stair.

Mother heard the tiny step, came to the top of the stairs and said, "Ruth, I forbid you to come up."

At this Ruth stamped her foot, and with flashing eyes her outraged self retorted, "Bid me not! Such is the kingdom of Heaven!"



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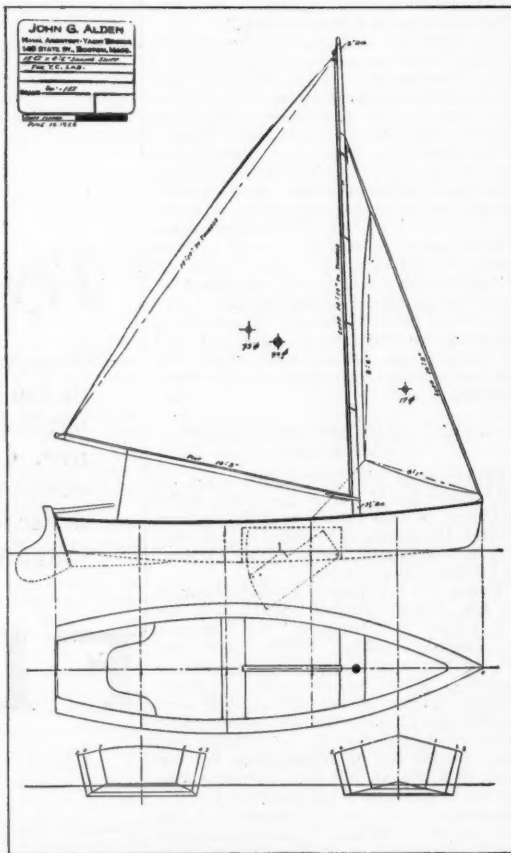
Second Major Project for 1926—The New A.B.C. Class Sailing Skiff, Outboard Motor Boat and Rowboat, "Buccaneer," Designed for the Y. C. Lab by John G. Alden



"Buccaneer" under sail off Dorchester, Mass. Marconi mainsail and jib; total sail area, 90 feet

Designed for the Y. C. Lab by John G. Alden, naval architect

Patterns or complete knockdown parts supplied by the Brooks Boat Company, Saginaw, Mich.



EVERY American boy wants a boat. If he doesn't live near the water,—pond, river, lake, ocean,—he wants to move near it and then have the boat. This instinct to take to the water indicates a normal desire for one of the finest forms of recreation, and one of the least expensive of all pleasures, provided you have a good boat. This is difficult—or, more accurately, it has been difficult. An intensive, six months' study by the Y. C. Lab has solved the problem for the benefit of all boys.

For one thing, good boats have been expensive. The scrubbiest rowboat costs too much for the purse of the average boy. A sailing skiff, even when cheaply built by a none too skilled constructor, mounts to a figure altogether beyond usual resources. As for a boat which can be by turns a rowboat, an outboard motor boat and a Marconi-rigged sailing boat; a boat equally good for sailing races, for rowing and for fishing, for use on the sea, or a large bay or lake, yet designed for good service in a small and shallow pond; the safest and yet the fastest fifteen-foot sailing skiff ever designed—how many boys could ever have afforded such a luxury? Add to this the crowning touch of a boat designed for you by one of the most famous naval architects in the world, and how much would you expect to pay for it? Through the study of the Y. C. Lab. and the generosity of a great naval architect and a famous boat-builder, such a boat is now available, through The Youth's Companion, to boys and their families all over America.

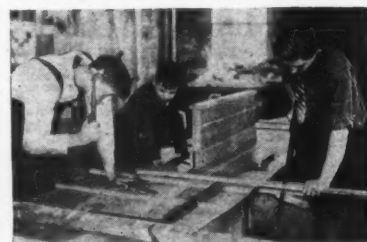
Hitherto boys have had but two choices. They could buy a boat, either new or second-hand, or they could purchase materials at a lumber-yard, for home construction, assuming that they could find a good design—which has been very doubtful. The first plan has been too expensive, the second too arduous and time-consuming and risky as well as to outcome. For Y. C. Lab Members and their friends the hesitation and the doubt as between these two unsatisfactory choices is now at an end, because "Buccaneer" is theirs.

How "Buccaneer" Was Planned

In Boston, Mr. John G. Alden has an office where he designs such splendid yachts as Sachem III, which is part of the MacMillan expedition to Greenland this summer, and where he has also designed hundreds of other famous boats, including the "O" class knockabouts and the well-known "R" class knockabout, probably the most successful boat ever built in that famous class, and now the holder of the Lake Ontario Championship. Mr. Alden's interest in boats dates from the days when he sailed the tiny skiff Wasp at Sakonnet, R. I., as a boy thirty



Delivery of first "Buccaneer" boat by freight, in knockdown form, at Y. C. Experimental Lab, Wollaston, Mass., May 1, 1926



Twenty minutes later. Bottom boards in position; nailing on ribs with copper nails. Note ready-built centerboard trunk. The necessary tools include a good crosscut saw, hammer, brace and bit or breast drill, planes and clamps. Hardware and fittings come with the complete knockdown hull. See price list on next page



One hour later. Fitting stern transom. This, like the oak stem piece, comes in ready-cut form



Seven afternoons later. "Buccaneer" being painted; our boat has dark green sides, with black top plank as shown, and light gray inside paint

years ago. He still believes that every boy should have the same fun that he had. Now, at the invitation of the Y. C. Lab, Mr. Alden has designed for us this new skiff, which marks a great advance in small-boat design, construction and rig.

In Saginaw, Mich., the Brooks Boat Company has specialized for years in the construction of knockdown skiffs, motor boats and other small craft. Member H. A. Moss, Jr., of the Y. C. Lab, built one of their small motor boats, two years ago, and found their plans and materials easy to work with. More than 10,000 Brooks boats have been built in the homes of their customers and are giving satisfactory service all over America. This company has cooperated most warmly with the Y. C. Lab, and is now prepared to supply materials cut to shape, and complete instructions, together with hardware and fittings. You can buy as much or as little as your purse will permit: for instance, if you desire only patterns, they will be supplied for \$3.00. Or you can have the whole hull, in knockdown form, ready to assemble in your backyard or shop, for \$39.75.

If desired, the Brooks Boat Company will completely finish the boat for you for \$98.50, but it is confidently expected by the Director of the Y. C. Lab that you will want to do the interesting work of building the boat yourself, saving many dollars and getting a complete idea of modern boat construction and rigging.

Mr. W. J. Pelon, of the Engineering Department of the Brooks Boat Company, is in complete agreement on this point. "We certainly will consider it to better advantage," he writes, "if the Y. C. Lab will promote the sale of the knockdown outfit rather than the completely assembled job. We will be in a better position to make prompt deliveries, and it is much better for the boys to build the boats themselves. They will be more proud of a boat which they can say they built, and they will learn to do things for themselves and not be dependent upon others."

Members of the Y. C. Lab at Wollaston, as soon as Mr. Alden's preliminary plans were complete, constructed the first "Buccaneer" in about 21 hours' working time. Photographs were taken of every step, which makes it much easier for other boys to follow the work. This boat was painted, rigged with mast and sails, and launched in Dorchester Bay, where she has proved very fast, very handy and comfortable.

Of course, the great thing in all small sailboats, just as it is with larger yachts up to the size of the America's Cup defenders, is to have two or more boats for regular sailing races. Thus, your "ship" of Sea Scouts, if you are lucky enough to belong to one, or your special friends among the Y. C. Lab membership in your town, can have two, three or more boats. Complete racing rules for yachts of all sizes are available at all good yacht clubs and boat clubs.

(Continued on next page)

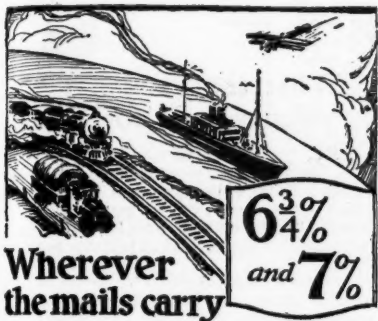
Membership Coupon

The coupon below will bring you full information regarding Membership in the Y. C. Lab. It is a National Society for Ingenious Boys interested in any phase of electricity, mechanics, radio, engineering, model construction, and the like. Election to Associate Membership makes any boy eligible for the Special, Weekly and Quarterly Awards of the society, entitles him to receive its bulletins and to ask any question concerning mechanical and construction matters in which he is interested, free of charge. The cost of these services to non-members ranges from twenty-five cents to five dollars. To Associates and Members there are no fees or dues of any kind.

The Director, Y. C. Lab
8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

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Early owners of boats of the "Buccaneer" class (which will be known as the A. B. C. class, standing for Alden, Brooks, Companion) include Y. C. Lab Councilor Edward H. Blakely, who will build one or more boats with his boys at Camp Mechano, South Casco, Me., this summer; Y. C. Lab Members Charles P. Hodge, Avalon, N. J., and Stanley L. Johnson, Nyack, N. Y.; also Members of the Y. C. Lab at Wollaston, who will sail their boat in Boston Harbor; and other owners who are sending in their orders for knockdown parts as this issue of The Youth's Companion goes to press.

Obviously, the Y. C. Lab Member who undertakes this project expects to have a permanent and valuable possession; so he should be sure that he is well supplied with the simple tools, has time to do the work really well and, best of all, has a competent friend or two to help him. There is much sawing, drilling, hammering, planing and painting to be done, before you can make your boat look as well and sail as well as she should. But you will enrich yourself by the ownership of a safe and fast boat that will last for many years in good hands, and will be a delight whether you use her under sail, or with oars, or with an out-board motor. Prices, F. O. B. Saginaw, Mich., are as follows:

Patterns only, with instructions... \$3.00

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 3. Hardware (copper nails, bolts, screws)... \$1.50
 4. Fittings (galvanized iron oarlocks, stem band, rudder and tiller)... \$4.00
- Complete knockdown hull ready to assemble... \$39.75

SPARS AND SAILS

1. Mast and boom, machined to shape... \$10.00
 2. Jib and mainsail, 6 1/2 oz. yacht drill roped inside hem... \$17.25
 3. Oars, pair 7 1/2 ft., ash... \$2.50
- Boat complete, ready to sail... \$98.50
- All prices are subject to revision without notice.

Final work by Y. C. Lab Members on first "Buccaneer" boat at Dorchester Bay, near the Wollaston Lab



John G. Alden, eminent naval architect, at the drafting table where he planned "Buccaneer" for the Y. C. Lab

Orders may be addressed to the Director, Y. C. Lab, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass., or to the Brooks Boat Company, attention of Mr. W. J. Pelon, Saginaw, Mich.



Launching "Buccaneer" at Dorchester Bay

The Secretary's Notes

Councilor Arthur L. Townsend of the Y. C. Lab is also Instructor in Mechanical Engineering at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. To him has fallen the interesting task of reviewing many of the applications for Associate Membership; he makes notes and recommendations for final action by the Committee on Elections. "I wish you would notify the Applicants," he writes, "that in many cases their projects are much better than their descriptions. Every boy can learn to write a clear description of the purpose and construction of his device or apparatus."

This comment by Mr. Townsend is passed to you with the comment that clean-cut descriptive writing is very important in all professional work, and in business too. One should not write at tedious length. The best plan is usually to make a rough draft, and then to condense it as much as possible in the final copy. The scientist or engineer who can describe his work clearly has a great advantage

over his competitor who cannot do so.

Applications to join the Y. C. Lab have now, since January 21, 1926, reached the impressive total of 4,036, and they are from the United States and various other countries. Of these, 956 boys have now been elected to Associate Membership, and 55 of these have been promoted to full Membership. As yet, no Fellows have been elected; but the persistent interest and great ability of several Members will shortly qualify them for this grade, the highest in the Y. C. Lab. The Annual Award, which greatly exceeds the \$100 Quarterly Awards in value, will be made to a boy in the Fellowship grade.

As the primary purpose of the Y. C. Lab is to collaborate personally with boys of high character and ability, each Applicant, Associate, Member and Fellow is always entitled to send to the Director any problem that concerns mechanics, engineering, or his own scientific education for personal study and reply by the Councilor best fitted to advise him.

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Have You Ever Made Yourself a Dress?

Some Surprising News about the Big Contest

THE whole office has literally been turned upside down since our Fashion Fête Contest started two weeks ago. As each new mail brings the entries that are pouring in, everyone who is lucky enough to be near my desk just has to stop whatever she is doing to come and see the marvelous things that you are all beginning to send in. Who would even think of wanting to look at Paris styles if she could look at these pictures and designs of the dresses that The Companion girls are making for themselves to enter in the contest? Of course, I had rather suspected that you would all like a fashion competition, because lots and lots of you asked to have it, but I never dreamed it would turn out to be so thrilling.

HERE are a few samples from one of my mails. I opened a letter postmarked at a town in the farthest southwest corner of Kansas and found a picture of Marjorie M—— in a dress that she has made all for \$2.27! I wish I could tell you more than that, but it wouldn't be fair. Then there was a snapshot and sketch from a girl who lives in Chicago—she designed and made a dress all herself for \$5.00. The next envelope brought me one of the best-looking cotton dresses that have come in yet—made by Elizabeth W—— from Tennessee. Elizabeth says that she used a pattern for her dress and used a sewing machine for the seams and hems, but put the finishing touches, such as buttonholes, on by hand! She also said that it's the first whole dress she ever made all by herself. It's the most successful thing you ever saw, and I don't think that Suzanne's first dress was a bit better. Elizabeth is younger than Suzanne, too—she has just had her thirteenth birthday.

I don't know how I'm ever going to be

Start in Today and Win a Prize in the Biggest Contest The Youth's Companion Has Ever Held for Girls!



"Dresses for 19 cents!"

CAN you pay \$1.00—\$10.00—\$20.00—or 19 cents for your next new dress? Perhaps you have already made a dress that fills you with pride whenever you think of the result you got for only a tiny hole in your bank account. Did you choose crepe de chine, or sport flannel, or a blue checked gingham for your last dress? Are you a blonde or a brunette? Are you clever with your fingers, or just beginning to make your own clothes? None of these things makes the slightest difference if you want to make a dress for yourself. You can achieve the same charming results that these two Kentucky girls, students at Berea College, did when they decided that they each needed a new dress and would have it in spite of the sad fact that their pocketbooks simply wouldn't stretch for more than nineteen cents! They went shopping together to the only store for miles around and found the very thing they wanted—some attractive calico for five cents a yard. Then they went home and made themselves these darling dresses. You can do something just as clever. Win a prize for it in the Fashion Fête! H. G.

able to wait until all your entries are in before I tell you loads more than this about them; but I'll just have to keep these secrets until the end of the contest.

If you missed the Fête Announcement Page in the July 1st Companion, send me a stamped, self-addressed envelope and I'll write you all about it. Any girl between the ages of eleven and twenty-one who has ever made herself a dress stands an equal chance to win one of the big cash prizes, a New Home cabinet sewing-machine, and a

place in the exhibition of the winning dresses which is to be held in Boston at the end of the Fête. The contest will last until August 31—but don't put off sending for your entry blanks and rules another minute!

Hazel Grey

8 Arlington Street

Boston, Mass.

What the Fashion Fête Wants to do for You

ARE you like Joanna Littleton, who "never has a thing to wear" when her closet is full of half-worn dresses? If you are, don't waste a day, but sit right down now and figure out how you can find something to wear, and you may win a prize for figuring it out!

But perhaps you aren't a bit like Joanna—you've never had a whole closet full of dresses, in the first place. Your problem may be like Mary Lu Brown's. She has an allowance of \$30.00 a year for all her clothes—shoes and hats and everything included. You can imagine what a time she has planning so that it covers all she wants.

However, don't you agree that Joanna really has less to spend than Mary Lu in the end if she wastes her allowance by spreading it over a lot of things that give her that dreadful feeling of "nothing to wear"? At least Mary Lu plans things so that she usually feels quite sure that she has something to wear.

Are you Joanna? Or are you Mary Lu? Are you facing a problem all your own that is quite different from either of theirs? Let's all put our heads together and try to solve it. The Youth's Companion Fashion Contest is the only one of its kind that has ever been held. It is being judged by experts; one from Simmons College, whose sewing and dress-designing courses are famous all over the country, one from Filene's, whose Clothing Information Bureau was a pioneer in the work that shops are now doing in trying to help their customers to get the very best and wisest things for what they have to spend, and one from the Women's Educational and Industrial Union of Boston, which was founded to help girls and women to do things for themselves.

Send for your entry blank today

Adelaide, Old Dear:

How I wish you could have come on from New York again for the Websters' house party at Crescent Neck—but it was heavenly to have you back in Hookersville for over the Fourth, although it made us all wish you weren't such a clever, serious-minded, business woman and could forget your job long enough to stay through for the last week-end too. We'll be so glad when your vacation comes in August!

Suzanne's father drove us over to Crescent Neck so that we arrived in time for Saturday lunch. It was a perfect day: clear, breezy and cool. I guessed that we'd go for a sail first off after lunch; and, my, but wasn't I thankful for my new sport outfit—unlined flannel jacket, crêpe de chine tailored blouse with a bright red-and-white polka-dot tie, and a natural-tan kasha skirt with two "kick" pleats in front to give it fullness.

I put my bathing togs in a rubber-cotton rectangular bag, which took up little room in the car and boat; my bag is green to go with my suit, but they have them in red, blue and black too—12½ inches long by 4¾ wide. The bathing-suit is knitted wool and comes in navy, peacock, orange, kelly and jockey—all these with contrasting stripes. Caps like mine come in red, orange, white and black with white stripes, and blue with red stripes, for only fifty cents. The rubber garters are fifty cents a pair, too; the shoes are heavy rubber with crêpe rubber soles and come in red, blue, green or black, all with white stripes. You see you can get everything to match, if you like, and make a regular bathing ensemble. Mine is green. The shade hat to protect my vain and susceptible nose from the sun's rays is quite



From Girl to Girl



Hazel Studios, Boston

Clothes from Filene's

bewitching, I think. It is only seventy-five cents, and you can get it in yellow, white, cerise, orange, green or pink. It is made of stitched fiber with a fringed brim four inches wide and is stretchable to fit any head.

We sailed until four o'clock and landed on another beach, where we went swimming, and then cooked supper over a driftwood fire. I certainly was thankful for my scout training right there, for I never knew how to make a decent fire that you cook with before last summer; and I must admit that I felt a twinge of professional pride when Marion slung the water kettle on my "camp crane!" Cooking for six girls is quite a stunt even when done in true scouting form, but I never tasted better food in my life. Whether it was the swim and the salt air, or just the steak, I don't know, but I think we were the happiest bunch in the world when we settled down to sing and talk before we had to start back, just after sunset, for Crescent Beach.

I had this washable crêpe de chine semi-sport dress to put on Sunday morning—the best shade of rose-pink you can imagine, with a darling V-shaped pocket and a student prince collar fastened with a silver button

and a silver dagger trimming on the belt. I wish I were rich and extravagant—then I should own it in the lovely shades of yellow, blue or green that Filene's had it in besides—but you know my weakness for sports clothes—and pink!

This week I am starting my dress for the Fashion Fête. I'm crazy to know what Suzanne is making. She started on hers Tuesday. We've decided not to compare notes until our dresses are all finished, and then we are going to take snapshots of one another to send to Hazel Grey with our entry blanks. Do write soon.

BETTY

About Ordering

I can get you a flannel jacket like Betty's in navy, red, black, green or yellow, for \$10.75, in sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20. Her skirt and blouse come in the same sizes—the skirt costing \$5.75 and the blouse \$8.75. The four-in-hand flat crêpe tie comes in red with white dots, cream with green or cream with red, for \$1.00. The sports dress was \$16.50, and Filene's has it in sizes 13, 15, 17 and 19. The bathing-suit for \$3.75

comes in sizes 10 to 16—bathing-shoes, sizes 11½ to 2, and 3 to 7, for \$1.50, and the bathing bag is \$1.00.

Attention—Campers!

Can you make a camp crane? If you know how to build one, you will find that you can cook all kinds of things with it that you never thought of making outdoors before because they seemed impossible to do without a real stove. It is a knowledge of simple useful facts like this that will make you a helpful and popular addition to any picnic or camping trip. You'll be surprised how much you can do to make everyone have a better time. No one is more appreciated on a party than the girl who knows how to do something that adds to the general good time for all.

The Girl Scouts' Handbook tells about the crane and lots of other things that you should know if you are planning an all-day hike or a camping trip this summer—what equipment it is best to take, how to choose a good location for camp, and what kind of food is best to carry and easiest to take care of. If you want to, you can order the Handbook directly from the Girl Scouts, 670 Lexington Avenue, New York City, for 80 cents prepaid. If you have any questions, about picnics or camping I'll be glad to help with them. Don't forget to send a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Hazel Grey

8 Arlington Street

Boston, Mass.



THE CHILDREN'S PAGE

WHO WON THE PET CONTEST

Cecelia Fitzgerald Won the Box of Paints for Her Letter about Gloria

IT was just as hard as hard could be to decide the pet contest, because you all wrote about such different cunning pets, and all your letters were so good! We wish we could print every single letter, but there is only room for the very best ones of all, and here they are. Don't you think contests are fun? What kind would you like to have next? Let's have one soon again.

The Editor of the Children's Page
8 Arlington Street
Boston, Massachusetts.

The Winning Letter

MY pet is a canary bird. His name is Gloria. I named him Gloria because I got him at Christmas. I like to hear him sing. When I first got him mother showed me how to clean his cage. One day when I was cleaning his cage he got away and flew up on the window sill. Then I put a cloth over him and caught him. We have the cage hanging in our play room. When we play the Edison, Gloria sings.

He was a Christmas present from a lady. Gloria's color is yellow. He will not take a bath every day—every second day is his rule. It is fun to see him splash in the water. We have a little white bathtub for him. He has a swing in his cage. I like to see him swing on it. We feed him cuttlefish and birdseed. His cage has little white glass dishes to put the feed and water in. We feed him pep too. When I clean his cage, I sprinkle gravel on the pan. We enjoy hearing him sing. When we whistle he will answer by singing.

Yours truly,
CECELIA FITZGERALD

Branford, Conn.



This picture should be called "Dignity and Impudence," but Gene Runke says his St. Bernard's name is "Major." That's a pretty good name, too

SPECIAL MENTION

Dear Editor: My pet is a kitten. He is one year old. He is white with sky-blue eyes. His name is Snowbear. I named him Snowbear because he looks like a white bear. He likes to go to picnics with me. He dips out his food with his paws. He sits up like a squirrel and eats out of his paws. He comes running to meet me when I come home from school. He rubs around my legs and purrs. He does

many tricks. He jumps over my hands. He puts his forepaws round my neck and hugs me. He catches mice and snakes. When I ride in my pedal car he sits in my lap. Sometimes, when I am not using my car, he sits in the seat with his forepaws



Snowbear expects to get his license soon!

on the steering wheel. He follows me like a dog. I like him very much. He likes me too.

SAMUEL H. BEVERAGE

Pulpit Harbor, Me. Age 8 years.

SPECIAL MENTION

Dear Editor of the Children's Page:

For two years my brother had a pet ground hog. His name was Samie. Samie stayed under the washhouse. My brother fed him milk. When he dug him out of the hole he did not have his eyes open and he could not drink the milk without having it in a spoon. After he got tame we let him out and let him go under the washhouse. When we had sweet corn he would sit up on his hind legs and eat it off the cob. He would eat cookies. Samie knew where mamma kept the cookies. He would come when he was called. We had some flowers, and Samie carried dry grass away from under the flowers to the washhouse. He was making a nest for winter. It was fun to watch him. One day we did not see Samie. We all thought he had left. The next year one day we saw a ground hog on the porch. What do you think? It was Samie. We were glad to see him back. He stayed for about two months and then he went away. We have a squirrel too, but it is not so nice as the ground hog.

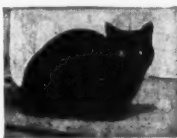
LOUISE ALLISON

Gibsonia, Pa.

SPECIAL MENTION

Dear Sir: My pet is a snail. Her name is Sassy Pert. One day when I was in my nature class in school, my teacher, Miss Bushman, said she did not want the snails to die; so she said she would give them to anyone who wanted them. She gave one of them to me. I keep her in a little flower pot. I give her grass seed,

Margaret Covell
doesn't believe black
cats bring bad luck
—hers never has



lettuce seed and lettuce. The other day I gave her some cake. I put her out on the window sill in the sun and she went to sleep. After she woke up, she crawled out. When I came out to look at her she had gone to sleep again. The other night my brother put her outdoors. That night it rained. In the morning I could not find her. When I found her, she was in her shell. I am ten years old.

Your friend,
RUTH PERSHING

Logansport, Ind.

TWO GOOD PHOTOGRAPHS

There wasn't room to print the letters that told about Sara, Clara and Sport, but here are their pictures for you to see.



These are Sara and Clara—pets of Robert W. Lasher, Morrisson, Illinois



Sport belongs to Doris Sixt and her brother, Trenton, Ohio

SPECIAL MENTION

Dear Editor: My pets are three little wood mice: a mother mouse and two small ones. I caught them several months ago while picking up chips in the orchard. The small mice were only babies then, but, oh, so cute! The way I caught them may interest you. It was in the summer time and I had taken off my shoes to go barefoot. When all the chips were picked up I ran for my shoes, and you ought to have seen me, and heard my scream, when I saw them in my shoes. We hurriedly ran for a screened box which was near the house and dumped them in. We then brought them to the house and fed them corn, bread, water, oats and other things.

They grew and grew, and now the baby mice, which were so very tiny, are almost as big as their mother. They are brownish gray in color and with small spots of white on them. And one little mouse had a star on his head. His name is Star. The other little mouse has a ring on her head. I call her Ringie. The mother mouse has some spots on her back. I call her Spottie. I L-O-V-E my little mice and I feed and clean out their homes. I have great fun with my little pets and so does my sister, Jonny, age four.

Your friend,
WAYVAJANE SHOEMAKER
Centralia, Kan. Age 8 years



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PETS for the FAMILY

Every family should have one or more pets. In establishing this column, it is our desire to assist our subscribers in the selection of these pets by publishing the advertisements of reliable persons, who have them for sale.

COLLIES

Safest dog for children. Any age, any color, imported stock. Send for description and free lists. Jefferson White Collie Kennels, Wauson, O.

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Thoroughbred—The "Acce" of All Dog-doms. The most beautiful dogs in the world. Intelligent, fearless, faithful. They guard your home, watch your herds, play with your kiddies. Write for special lists. Satisfaction guaranteed. Shomont Kennels, Berlin, Monticello, Iowa

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Breed squabs and make money. Sold by millions. Write at once for free 48-page book beautifully printed in colors telling how to do it. You will be surprised. PLYMOUTH ROCK SQUAB CO. 197 N. St., Melrose Highlands, Mass.

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COLLIES Ideal companions for children. Private kennel breeding for show type collies, from world's best blood lines, offers surplus stock of males to good homes only, at fraction of value.

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A BOY'S BEST PAL—Von Abt Police Dogs are powerful yet gentle; dependable and loyal. Puppies \$65 and up. Von Abt Kennels, R. 1, Mentor, Ohio.

Strongheart Police Dogs, the finest in the world. Strongheart Kennels, R. F. D. 6, New Brunswick, N. J.

COLLIES for sale. Also book on training, 35c. F. R. Clark, Bloomington, Ill.

Rat Terriers—Fox Terriers. Illustrated lists 10c. Pete Slater, Box Y.C. Pana, Ill.

Russian Wolfhounds—Beautiful blue ribbon puppies and grown dogs for sale. Malakoff Kennels, Wakefield, R. I.

DOGS. Tiny, medium, large—in price and size. State, wants. GARRETT, 55 M. St., Lynchburg, Va.

FOR SALE Pet or Pedigree Rabbits. Prices reasonable. Write The Sunset Rabbitry, College Park Ga.



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beat all hollow"!**

It's during camp period that Dad's new Overland Six comes in mighty handy. What Scout wouldn't be proud to drive or ride in such a car! So big and roomy it is, he can even bring out the baggage and blankets of a whole patrol without crowding Mother or anybody. That's enough to put a fellow in line for patrol leader on the spot. Bob calls the Overland Six a "good scout" because it has done a good turn for some member of the family every day Dad has owned it.

• • • • •

With the speed-lines of a high-powered yacht, long, graceful, low—and a singularly happy color-combination of blue and duo-tone grey against flashing jet-black—this big, extra-powerful Overland Six sets the pace for style and speed and comfort in whatever company it travels...

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Powerful beyond words. A speed-capacity that is positively amazing. Active as a cat... With a full 40-brake-horsepower delivered in a straight line from its gravity-balanced engine through to the rear-axle shaft, this aggressive big Six will out-pull, out-run, out-getaway anything else of its size or weight or price-class!

Tell your Dad he can buy this car today on the most convenient terms ever offered. The new WILLYS FINANCE PLAN means less money down, smaller monthly payments; and the lowest credit-cost in the industry.

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